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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.

CONTENTS

War Reflections: By *William Marion Reedy*.. 253
What I've Been Reading: By *W. M. R.*..... 254
Untermeyer's "Heine:" By *Otto Heller*..... 254
Painted Music: By *John L. Hervey*..... 256
St. Paul's Psalm of Love: By *William Vincent Byars* 257
The Woman Sinister: By *Horatio Winslow*.... 257
The Old Bookman: By *Horace Flack*..... 259
Letters From the People: Poet Aiken's Reply —"Ragnar Redbeard" a St. Louisan..... 260
Donation Day..... 260
At the Theaters..... 261
Marts and Money..... 263
Literary Notes..... 269
New Books Received..... 269

War Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

WAR! Brazil plunges into the orgy of destruction and China will follow. Even little Cuba flies to arms. The world against the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs! The men who made the war are damned by the common consent of mankind. Humanity's verdict is rendered and sentence is passed and execution will follow. Kaiserism will be exterminated and the German people will be freed of their double-headed incubus.

✣

The United States prepares for war belatedly, somewhat confusedly. Matters would be worse if we had not the benefit of the experience of the Entente Allies, especially Great Britain. That experience shows us at least what not to do.

✣

First of our problems is to supply shipping and food and munitions to the Entente. The German and Austrian vessels seized in our harbors will be of great help. The Shipping Board will probably set all the ship yards working to supply wooden ships since steel-clad vessels cannot be provided in time. With our resources we should have a merchant fleet in a comparatively short time, to make good the shortage of tonnage caused by the submarines. This is more important than loans to the enemies of Germany or than sending an army to Flanders or than multiplying submarine destroyers.

✣

Next in importance comes the loan to our allies. The amount is set at not less than $3,000,000,000. How shall we raise the money? By a bond issue, of course. There is no other way. Advancing money is not so romantic as sending over an army, but the United States is not in the war for romance. We are in the war to bring the war to an end and money is a weapon easier forged than an army. We are to raise at least two billion dollars for our war expenses. This will have to be borrowed, too.

✣

The bonds will have to be paid. The war cannot be paid for as it goes by any presently possible arrangement. The necessary taxes for such payment would utterly crush industry, and industry must be kept going. The one thing that is not the result of individual industry and that could be taxed is the publicly earned but privately appropriated increment of land values. That will not be taken in full, as it should be, since it belongs to everybody, but probably there will be a government land tax. We shall have to bear with drastic conscription of income of all other kinds. We shall avoid so far as possible taxes upon the necessaries of life, for there is already levied a ruthless tax upon the people in the form of high and still advancing prices. Wealth will have to bear the burden, but unhappily, wealth will pass it on to the poor.

✣

There is one thing the country should do at once. That is abolish the tax exemptions on political bonds—national, state, municipal, county, etc. Why? Because the exemptions make for the concentration of such bonds in the hands of the few. The political bondholders should not be a favored class, escaping tax on those holdings, while railroad and industrial bonds are mulcted. Exemptions of political bonds will draw money away from investments in railroads and other enterprises at this time when the need for money in those lines is most urgent. Now is the time to abolish the exemptions that make a tax-free class. Bond exemptions are an exemption of the rich. There is a clear and strong article on this subject by T. S. Adams in the *New Republic* of April 7th. Possibly the country is not prepared for the taxation of national, state, municipal and such bonds as are issued in connection with the federal farm loan system, but the justice of the proposal is obvious.

✣

Shall we have conscription for army service or shall we depend on volunteers? It is a condition, not a theory, that confronts us. If there were immediate prospect of land fighting we could get an army of a million men inside of a week, though they would not be of much use in the warfare of to-day. If we are to send troops abroad they cannot be sent in such "form" as to be effective, without at least six months' training. Men will not volunteer on a mere prospect of a grind at training. But if men will not volunteer they must be compelled to serve. We shall never have an adequate army on any other plan. And universal service is demanded in the name of justice. The burden of defending the nation should not rest solely upon those who are willing to make the sacrifice. If we wait until we are attacked and then rush raw volunteers into the field, we shall only send them forth to die like flies and to be slaughtered in battalions. Conscription is an ugly word, but it is not as ugly as would be what must follow upon a mobilization of untrained soldiers. An alternative to conscription is the increase of the soldiers' pay to as much, let us say, as $45 per month. That pay would hardly draw volunteers in the number needed, without the prospect of early fighting. Enforced universal service is the only means of getting an army and getting it quickly into training. We cannot fight a war without an army. And if anyone says that there is not much prospect of land-fighting here—let him contemplate the possibilities of German intrigue in Mexico. Nor can we assume the Entente will win in land fighting in Europe without us. We can assume nothing in war, except that we may be brought to extremity, and we must prepare for it.

✣

So far as concerns the navy, all we can do is speed up the building of warships and submarines and small craft to fight enemy submarines. The navy as it exists is not contemptible by any means, though those who do not like Secretary Daniels say it is. The navy needs men, but as the navy is likelier to see fighting soon it will soon have a full quota.

✣

The war is going to change many things in this country. It is going to wipe out *laissez faire*. Nothing will be let wholly alone. The government will largely take over industries where necessary. It will practically conscript the railroads. It will regulate prices for all commodities when individual greed becomes too strong. It will, if necessary, seize and distribute food stuffs. It will possibly shut down breweries and distilleries to conserve the grain supply. It will, so far as possible, use its force to compel production of food supplies. It can if it wishes, penalize landowners for raising less than a

specified amount of grain and vegetables. It can and may put an end to the killing of calves, because the meat supply is short. We may expect governmental limitation of profits in many kinds of enterprise. The chances are good, in view of the world shortage, of a food dictatorship, until the intensification of agriculture shall have brought food supplies up to the nation's requirements. The state is going to show a supremacy such as only the Socialists dreamed of. Self-preservation may dictate such action. The war must be won at whatever cost; the nation must be saved from destruction. Waste will be punished and idleness will be a penal offense. And from those who get what the many earn their takings will be taken away for the common good. The country may have to go sooner than it expects on short rations. What the state has done in Germany, Great Britain and France, to conserve the nation's energies in a great struggle, the state will do here, as a matter of precaution against possible necessity later on. All this is not pleasant. It is war. And it is worth enduring cheerfully to the end that the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs be destroyed and that the world may enter into the league of peace which is begun with the alliance of this country against autocracy. Russia's renaissance is an earnest of what is to come. And the Hohenzollerns and Hapsburgs are already temporizing with awakening Teutonic democracy. The prize sought is worth the sacrifice demanded of this democracy.

✣

There are elements here now fervent for democracy in Europe who have fought all forms of democracy among ourselves. These elements will be brought to a common denominator. Our plutocracy howls against autocracy. Democracy, under the influence of the intellectual and moral energies released by this war, should destroy both. The movement for social and economic reform should not slacken among

(Continued on page 262.)

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What I've Been Reading

By W. M. R.

FOR reading that absolutely makes you feel like cuddling yourself, commend me to "The End of a Chapter," by Shane Leslie (Scribner's, New York). The book is captivatingly written—with ease and elegance. Its manner reminded me often of Augustine Birrell's "Obiter Dicta." It is an Irishman's book, a North of Ireland Irishman's book, but a Home Ruler, a Protestant who has been converted to Catholicism. He has the stamp of culture, but he has a rich humor. He is clever at epigram, at description of events, at rapid, mildly worldly-wise analysis of character. He has met and known great men and charming women. His social graces shine in his writing. You feel as if you were reading in Samuel Lover or Charles Lever, in the earlier chapters dealing with the reminiscences of earlier Leslies, some of them going back to Waterloo, hard-riding, reckless, improvident folk, ladies who eloped from their husbands, men that fought and drank and joked. These reminiscences glow and sparkle. They are frank and fearless—"other times, other manners." They take you later to the boy life at Eton and you get both the individual boy and the spirit of the school. They take you to the great university briefly and they interpret the strange blend of snobbery and democracy there. They let you into politics and into London society with a cicerone who is perfectly at home, who loves what he writes about but can see its frequent absurdities. Irish politics were never more faithfully portrayed and they were never more funnily incomprehensible. For the Irish seem to fight in politics not for ends but for sheer love of fighting. Mr. Leslie takes us through the Boer war period and brings us finally down to the present war, when, of course, he drops the lighter tone and is becomingly grave. The whole work is a joy. It has a blitheness about it that no one can resist and while it is lively in every page and paragraph, it gives you the sense of participating in the making of history. It is seasoned with many an anecdote and with quips as clever as any of Oscar Wilde's. It is informed with a truly liberal spirit and is innocent of rancor. Shane Leslie is a serious man who for the time being is almost a flaneur. His writing has the quality of good talk. There is not a dull line in the volume and you come to the end with a firm conviction that Shane Leslie is the kind of a man with whom you'd like to talk things over at a table in the club. He makes you like Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotsmen and everybody. And he's not very hard on the Germans. He's a most delectable relief from writers like George Moore, Bernard Shaw and James Joyce and some others of the inky Irishry of this time.

✣

If you care for the picaresque in letters, the title of Vachel Lindsay's latest book, "A Handy Guide for Beggars" (Macmillan), is sure to intrigue you. It is a book that was written before his "Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty." It is the book of a peripatetic poet exchanging songs for a night's bed and board. Lindsay is a brother of George Borrow. He is in love with the open road. He finds friendship and philosophy in everyone he meets. His eye for character is curiously keen and his feeling for scenery that of a painter. Let him describe a bath under a waterfall, or drinking from a brook and you are immediately possessed of a thirst and a desire for a swim. The people Lindsay meets are just plain folks but somehow he casts a glamour on them all. About each he can rhapsodize and his flights carry him into the upper air of psychology or economic mysticism. These travels carry him through the southeastern states as his "Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty" carry him through the middle west. He gives us some very effective "interiors" and he finds in the main happy people who listen and understand or pretend to understand his rhapsodies. He has a kind of pious humor, too, that is refreshing. He can be a most effective realist also in telling of an encounter with a brakeman who won't let him ride without a fare. He sees and makes you see in a few slight and apparently unpremeditated strokes the emptiness of the lives of people to whom he comes with his evangel of—whatever it is. It is at least an evangel of sympathy and good will. These are the people who make up the republic, he says, and they are the people who will save it in the long run. Lindsay is full of an ascetic joy-of-living. He has frequent rapt moments in which almost he chants as he does in his poems. The ascetic becomes an ecstatic. His impressions scatter but they are the impressions of a man who loves all he sees. There is a strong note of religion in Lindsay and not merely natural religion either. That again is where he reminds you of George Borrow. He can idealize life at its simplest and sympathize with people who are puzzled by such a poetical hobo. You can hear him chanting "General William Booth Enters Heaven" in wayside cabins. Ostensibly Lindsay has nothing to demonstrate except the goodness of folks. He does it and it's a mighty good thing to have demonstrated. You will love his naivete, especially if you have read that other naive book of American adventure, Dreiser's "A Hoosier Holiday." For Lindsay with all his simplicity sees into depths where Dreiser only deposits a layer of himself on the superficies of people and things.

✣

Where Lindsay is a puritan, Hans Heinz Ewers is a pagan: both are poets. Ewers is another rhapsodist, but he is not enraptured with the things that enrapture Lindsay. Mr. Ewers is the author of an essay, "Poe" (B. W. Huebsch, New York). He wrote it in German and Adele Lewisohn has felicitously translated it. Ewers has been a cosmopolite. He is sib to Poe in that he has a penchant for horror and terror. He is more exotic than Poe. At least he is more sensual, if not more sensuous, which probably is what Mrs. Lewisohn means in saying that "to him was revealed the mystery of sex: to Poe sex always was as a sealed book. This may be true and it may not, but it looks true—remembering

(Continued on page 265.)

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Untermeyer's "Heine"

By Otto Heller

Professor of German Language and Literature, Washington University, St. Louis

LYRIC poetry in its simplest form is capable of a correspondingly simple definition: it can be called the artistic voicing of a heightened sense of living produced by some emotional experience. There can be no true lyric without a precedent agitation of the soul; nor can it come into being save through a surpassing power of articulation. Of the most sensitive among his dramatic heroes, Goethe says: *"Ihm gab ein Gott, zu singen was er leide."* Heine, no less responsive by temperament than Torquato Tasso, expresses the notion more poignantly, when speaking of himself: *"Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen Mach' ich die kleinen Lieder."*

Heretofore, the easiest access to Heine's poetry available to English readers was through the last four volumes of "The Works of Heinrich Heine," published in London by William Heinemann at the instigation of that great Heine enthusiast, Charles Godfrey Leland who, unfortunately, was thwarted by death in his ambition to do into English the poetical works as he had the prose. "The Book of Songs" in that twelve-volume edition was ably translated by T. Brooksbank; the huge task of translating the remaining three volumes was creditably performed by Margaret Armour (Mrs. W. B. Macdougall). Perhaps a compilation of the best versions from various hands would have served a still better purpose, since the "gems" of Heine's "Book of Songs" and his other collections of poems have always attracted by their singular blend of poignant and pathetic simplicity with intriguing sophistication many interpreters whose competence placed them above the taunt of the old cynical formula: *traduttore—traditore!* For that list of literary notables includes many distinguished names,—Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Sir Theodore Martin, Richard Garnett, W. H. Furness, John Todhunter, Lord Houghton, James Thomson, Edgar Alfred Bowring are among them,—as well as less well known names connoting similar meritoriousness,—Kate Freiligrath-Kroeker, Franklin Johnson, Alma Strettell, Charles Wharton Stork, and still others well represented in the Heine volume of that *Ersatz* for a German library, "The German Classics," edited by Kuno Francke. To concede at the outset that Mr. Louis Untermeyer's volume, just issued under the title, "Poems of Heinrich Heine, Three Hundred and Twenty-five Poems Selected and Translated" (Henry Holt & Co., New York), despite that formidable array of competitors, is by no means a work of supererogation, is advisedly to open this review of his labor with a word of praise. Mr. Untermeyer has attempted to supply what was obviously needed if a better knowledge of Heine was to be disseminated at this "psychological" moment. The advent of "Imagism" was bound to insure for the greatest writer,—no! *singer*—of verse in the nineteenth century at least a sympathetic hearing, possibly a posthumous cult. Prolific poets are too apt to be dragged down to oblivion by the weight of their own dead timber. Nothing but the disencumberment from the burden of lifeless or moribund matter can preserve the vitality of an author of the remote past. We ought, therefore, to have individual anthologies of all poets deemed worthy of preservation, quintessential extracts of the bulk of their entire production, the sort that O. E. Hartleben succeeded in boiling his Goethe down to. In making such a selection in the case of Heine, Mr. Untermeyer was necessarily guided by personal taste, to which the critic is bound to allow a liberal

latitude. Yet, unfortunately, Heine could not be abridged without disrupting the unique compositional integrity of his work. There is in Heine's own arrangement of his writings a continuity—not, of course, mechanical, but artistic—a continuity so perfect in its psychological adjustments of the material that no matter how beautiful the individual "gem" may be, its value is doubly and trebly enhanced by the setting. The loss to be registered in this respect might perhaps have been avoided, had the translator himself been one of the surprisingly few who fully recognize that peculiar coherence in Heine's lyric cycles and collections.

A total comprehension of German in all its *chicanes* of connotation, and a command of English even such as Mr. Untermeyer possesses do not by themselves constitute equipment equal to the heroic task of translating Heine. It takes a poet to catch a poet. Mr. Untermeyer, who is a poet, claims far too little in his well-turned *clausula modestatis* stating that all he could hope was to have rendered the *words,* without the *music,* of Heine's *opera.* On the contrary, he doubtless captured more than once that magic music to an astonishing degree, and more of it, on the whole, than any of his predecessors. Convincing proof can be adduced in the fairly unimpaired transposition into an alien idiom of poems like *Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht,* with its somnolent, mumbling staccato of thought and words, or that solemn threnody, pregnant in its portentous spondees with the darkness of night and death, *Wo ich bin, mich rings umdunkelt.*

Death—it is but the long, cool night;
  And Life is but a sultry day.
  It darkens, and I slumber;
I am weary of the light.

Over my bed a strange tree gleams,
  And there a nightingale is loud;
  She sings of love, love only. . .
I hear it in my dreams.

Now the night grows deeper, stronger;
  Darkness dense about me lies,
Since the stars died; since no longer,
  Love, I can behold your eyes.

Dimmed, forgotten is the dawning
  Of that great and golden light;
At my feet the pit is yawning.
  Take me—stark, eternal Night!

Of typical musical excellence, too, is the captivating "Spring Song" (*Leise zieht durch mein Gemüt*).

Lightly swinging bells are ringing
  With a soft insistence;
Tinkle, tiny tunes of Spring,
  Tinkle through the distance.

Fill the air and run to where
  All the flowers grow sweeter.
If you see a Rosebud there,
  Tell her that I greet her.

This version, however, apart from the unwarranted "feminine" jingle in the first line ("Lightly swing ye bells and ring," would have been better in a twofold respect) is at fault in its high formal polish, when in the German the poet strove almost pedantically to make his ditty appear casual and attained that effect by steadily revising downward from formal perfection, until he had managed to substitute for all the original faultlessly pure rimes so many couples of mere assonances.

As a critical expositor of Heine, Mr. Untermeyer has labored less effectually than as a translator. His effort to solve the human riddle that lies at the core of the literary *mixtum compositum* has proved abortive, as must any attempt at compressing so complex a problem into a hard and fast equation. Mr. Untermeyer's introduction contents itself to account for the human and artistic phenomenon Heinrich Heine in its entirety by the crude reiteration of the obvious fact that Heine was a Jew. But Heine's mental, moral, and æsthetic deviation from type was altogether too pronounced to admit of such a simple formula as an explanation of the striking antitheses and contradictions in his personal and artistic individuality. It is even doubtful whether those discrepant phases of Heine were clearly perceived by his translator. For example, there is the passionate admiration for the great Napoleon which inspired "The Book LeGrand" and whose glow is felt in every line of the martial ballad of "The Grenadiers." There is a strong logical, or more properly, a sentimental, association as of cause and effect between Heine's heretical affection for the Corsican and the benign treatment enjoyed by the Jews under the *aegis* of the latter, in the Rhenish lands. To that liberalism Heinrich owed the greatest blessing of life: a happy childhood. He was not to learn till much later that he was born in a savagely anti-semitic country. Undeniably true it is that wherever the Germans were ruled by autochthonous sovereigns, Jew and pariah were synonymous terms; that "when Heine was a boy, no Jew might enter a park or pleasure resort in Frankfort; no Jew might leave his ghetto after four o'clock on a Saturday afternoon, and only twenty-four Jews were allowed to marry in one year." But, fortunately for him, Heine was *originaire* not of Frankfort, but of Duesseldorf, so the knowledge of that ignominy did not darken his earliest years. Nor by any means were his glimpses of Jewish life in Hamburg and Berlin confined to its squalid and dejecting aspects. One must, of course, not underrate the Judaic strain in Heine's temperament, but to claim that "every line of his direct and intimate poetry shows him for the Oriental" is an indefensible overstatement. Is there anything specifically semitic in any of the following characteristically Heinesque concepts or phrasings, which in their tremulous *Innigkeit* may serve to illustrate Mr. Untermeyer's skill at its best?

Du bist wie eine Blume

Child, you are like a flower,
  So sweet and pure and fair;
I look at you and sadness
  Comes on me like a prayer.

I must lay my hands on your forehead (?)
  And pray God to be sure
To keep you forever and always
  So sweet and fair—and pure.

Ich hatte einst ein schönes Vaterland

I had, long since, a lovely Fatherland. . .
  The oaks would gleam
And touch the skies; the violets would nod.
  It was a dream.

You'd kiss me, and in German you would say
  (Oh joy supreme—
How sweet the sound of it!) "Ich liebe dich." . .
  It was a dream.

Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam

A pine tree stands so lonely
  In the North where the high winds blow,
He sleeps; and the whitest blanket
  Wraps him in ice and snow.

He dreams—dreams of a palm-tree
  That far in an Orient land
Languishes, lonely and drooping,
  Upon the burning sand.

That obsessive formula of Mr. Untermeyer's is even cited to account for Heine's style of reacting poetically to disappointment in love. "All the Jew in him leaps up in anger and ironic pathos whenever he thinks of what, to anyone else, would have seemed no more than (!) a youthful betrayal." Is, perchance, that world-old sorrow a stressful tragedy only to the Jew, and to the Gentile a bagatelle? No,

It is an old, old story
  But one that's always new;
And every time it happens
  It breaks a heart in two.

To Mr. Untermeyer, Heine is characteristically the Jew, not alone in his overheated hatred but in his equally hot and luxuriant desires. And here we may allow ourselves more readily to be persuaded that the voluptuous sultriness of Heine's love-poetry, notably in its later stages, is pervaded by a racial strain. Of this eroticism the "Book of Songs" is fairly free. If the taint appears in undue prominence in the subsequent collections it is principally because in Mr. Untermeyer's volume the species has been accorded a disproportionate representation considering the excessive curtailment of the material, especially in the "Romancero." Anyway, to that tropical quality also we are indebted for poems of imperishable charm.

The Asra

Daily came the lone and lovely
Sultan's daughter, slowly wandering
In the evening to the fountain
Where the plashing waters whitened.

Daily stood the youthful captive
In the evening by the fountain
Where the plashing waters whitened—
Daily growing pale and paler. . .

Till one dusk the strolling Princess
Stopped and spoke a hurried sentence.
"Tell me now thy name. and tell me
Of thy country and thy kindred."

And the slave replied, "My name is
Mohamet; I come from Yemen.
And my people are the Asra,
Who, whene'er they love, must perish."

This other famously beautiful poem, too breathes a passion romantically purified and chastely restrained.

Die Lotosblume ängstigt

The lotus-flower cowers
  Under the sun's bright beams;
Humble and bowed with meekness
  She waits for the night among dreams.

The Moon, he is her lover,
  He wakes her with his gaze;
To him alone she uncovers
  The fair flower of her face.

She glows and grows more radiant,
  And gazes mutely above;
Breathing and weeping and trembling
  With love—and the pain of love.

Examples of this sort, where the amative urge is completely in solution, transmuted into sentiment as it were, might be multiplied almost endlessly; while on the other hand, lurid, libidinous eroticism, so generally attributed to Heine by his large circle of enemies, is of rare occurrence in his poetry. The notorious "Miscellany," Heine's diary of his *niedere Minne,* is unnecessarily included in Mr. Untermeyer's book.

According to that *alleinseligmachende* formula in which Mr. Untermeyer thinks to have captured the inmost soul of Heine in its nakedness, also the wit and cynicism of the poet and the mingling of scholarly poise and boyish impudence in his conduct are Jewish. By some curious inadvertence, that lengthy poem entitled "Germany: A Winter's Tale," which commences with the lines (in M. Armour's rendering):

Paris, adieu, belovèd town,
  To-day I turn a rover,
And leave you happy here behind,
  With pleasure brimming over.

My German heart has fallen sick—
  Within my breast I feel it—
And in the North the doctor dwells
  Whose skill alone can heal it—

and then runs on to full ninety pages of anti-Prussian persiflage and contumely, is styled his "greatest prose-work."

For a fact Heine at no period of his creative activity was the fettered prisoner of his Judaic consciousness. Let it be never so true that the child-like *naiveté* of his most popular poems was contrived by the power of imitative craftsmanship, the ability to reproduce the elemental qualities of folk-song attests to the presence of congenial qualities in the poet's own heart. In this particular respect Mr. Untermeyer's own qualifications are clearly deficient. After delivering the somewhat extravagant judgment that poems like *"Lehn' deine Wang' an meine Wang'"* seem to "have nothing to do with literature,"—that they seem "an unconscious part of

the world's speech," he conveys a contrary impression of them by reproductions in which the original's artificial, yet highly artistic, effect of forthright naturalness is killed by over-elaboration; with the result that his version of that kind of poems is by no means always to be preferred to the work of other translators. Nevertheless, he manages at times very nearly to strike the true popular vein.

Es war ein alter König

There was an aged monarch,
  His heart and head were gray with strife;
This poor, old monarch wedded
  A young and lovely wife.

There was a pretty page-boy,
  His hair was light, his heart was clean;
He carried the long and silken
  Train of the fair young queen.

You know the old, old story
  So sweet, so sad to tell—
Both of them had to perish;
  They loved each other too well.

By striking contrast to this fine and faithful piece of work Mr. Untermeyer's translation of the "*Lorelei*" disfigures the original almost beyond recognition. There is no remotest suggestion here of the lilting, haunting, ringing simplicity of Heine's imperishable lines. The very opening is enough: *Lasciate voi ch' entrate. . . .*

I do not know why this confronts me,
  This sadness, this echo of pain;
A curious legend still haunts me,
  Still haunts and obsesses my brain.

Heine's genius would turn with shudder at this fearful transmogrification of his straightforward, descriptive remarks:

Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt
Im Abendsonnenschein

into versified journalese:

The summits gleam with the high light
Of sunset's curious shine.

Even the scenery is changed. The peak of the mountain is multiplied, without rime or reason. Throughout its whole length, the poem is destitute of any essential resemblance to its prototype.

To a lesser degree marred by the same proneness to embroider, as well as paint, the lily, are the *rifacimenti* of *Im wunderschönen Monat Mai, Wenn ich in deine Augen seh, Ich will meine Seele tauchen,* and numerous other entrancing lays.

It may well be that this failure to do full justice to the spirit of the original springs from the lacking recognition of the German and the Romantic in Heine side by side with the Jew. As for his "spiteful and exaggerated bitterness," is it not amply explained, if explanation be needed, by that evil triad that presided over his life—enemies, debts, and—dorsal consumption? Mr. Untermeyer himself properly reminds the reader that before Heine was fifty he was practically blind, incurably bedridden, bereft of the senses of taste and smell. His body was so completely paralyzed that even the lips could not move. To this "crucifixion on a mattress grave," protracted for eight endless years, the spiritual tortures of his adolescence and young manhood were a harmonious overture. Indeed, one can hardly refrain from finding a certain grim, tragic satisfaction in the superb æsthetic correspondence of the unhappy poet's personal career with the arrangement of his writings. The "Young Sorrows" contain all the *motifs* which later, both in his life and his poetry, were to be expanded into themes fraught with so much desolation and despair. There is much to say about Heine's unparalleled virtuosity in grouping and ordering his poems with reference both to continuity and variegation of mood and meaning and about his ingenuity now in linking, now in dovetailing the single poems into a larger unit, now again filing them upon an invisible yet nevertheless unbreakable psychological thread. But time and space and the price of paper forbid. It would have been best for Mr. Untermeyer to have retained the poet's arrangement and classification unaltered. The omission of the significant caption "Dream Pictures," as one of the sub-headings of "Young Sorrows," is regrettable, still more so is the absence of the first "dream picture," *Mir traeumte einst von wildem Liebesglühn,* because of its ovarian significance (*sit venia verbo!*) for all the subsequent progeny of his muse. The wholesale elimination of the sonnets was another serious mistake. They show Heine, humanly, on his best and most tender side.

And there is considerable room for topical improvement of the translation here and there. But these are matters of interest, possibly, for Mr. Untermeyer himself rather than for his prospective readers. What redounds to the translator's special credit is that he has, on the whole, managed to parallel his author's notable artistic advancement in course of progressing from cycle to cycle. Some of his best interpretations are found in "The Home-Coming," where Heine reached his full stature as an immortal.

In this division our "imagists" are sure to find things calculated to take away their breath and their —priority. Let them read *Auf den Wolken ruht der Mond,* or *Der Wind zieht seine Hosen an.* If the central meaning of "Imagism" is the power of naked perception suffused with imaginative sensibility, let any "imagist" surpass *Mein Herz, mein Herz ist traurig,* if he can.

My heart is full of sorrow
  Though May is full of cheer;
I stand beside the linden,
  High on the bastion here.

I watch the blue moat idly;
  Gently it flows along.
A boy in a drifting rowboat
  Angles and whistles a song.

Beyond, like a quaint, toy village,
  Tiny and many-hued,
Are houses, gardens and people,
  Oxen and meadow and wood.

To bleach their piles of linen
  The laughing maidens come;
The millwheel spatters diamonds,
  I hear its distant hum.

Upon the old, gray tower
  A sentry-box stands low,
And there a chap in scarlet
  Is pacing to and fro.

He practices (?) with his rifle
  That catches the sunset's red;
He shoulders it and presents it—
  Would that he shot me dead!

It must have taken some courage for Mr. Untermeyer to try his hand at a rhythmical re-creation of "The North Sea," because his labor was bound to prove that in *vers libre* as well as in "Imagism," Heine was not only ahead of his time but of ours as well. It is no wonder that in this section Mr. Untermeyer achieves his most masterly work as a translator. The several poems are too lengthy to be quoted *in extenso.* A few snatches, culled at random, will, however, indicate the excellence of these reproductions.

The night is starless and cold,
The ocean yawns.
And flat on his belly, the monstrous North-wind
Sprawls upon the sea.
Wheezing and groaning,
He babbles his hoarse confidences,
Like a crochety grumbler who has grown good-humored;
Babbles to the listening waters. . .

* * * * *

Ye songs! Ye valiant songs of mine
Up, up, and arm yourselves!
Let all the trumpets echo,
And lift this blossoming girl
Upon my shield.
For now my restless heart
Longs for her rule, claims her its queen.

* * * * *

Thalatta! Thalatta!
Hail to thee, oh Sea, ageless and eternal!
Hail to thee, from a jubilant heart—
Ten thousand times hail!
Hail, as you were hailed by
Ten thousand Grecian hearts;
Calamity-conquering, homeward-hungering,
Immortal Grecian hearts.

* * * * *

But desultory specimens, after all, can convey no adequate idea of the superb beauty of form, color, and motion in these songs of the sea, a beauty which Mr. Untermeyer successfully transmits, undiminished, through a different and refractory medium. If the remainder of the material in his book can eventually be raised to the same high standard of perfection as "The North Sea," Mr. Untermeyer's "Poems of Heinrich Heine" will deservedly take rank with the very few extant master translations of poetry into English.

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Painted Music

THE LANDSCAPES OF W. C. EMERSON

By John L. Hervey

WILLIAM C. EMERSON, as a painter of landscape, has looked out upon nature through magic casements and with anointed eyes, and has interpreted it in terms of an imaginative and mysterious beauty which

"Melts things that are to things that seem,
And solid nature to a dream."

In the presence of his compositions—the epithet "picture," as applied to them, would miss their meaning—we step from everyday life into a realm whose atmosphere is so remote and unfamiliar that, while from the first moment it makes itself felt, time is required for us to respond to the mood which it evokes. But, once we surrender ourselves to the spell, response is inescapable, for these paintings speak both to the eye and the soul with a persuasive eloquence.

Their creator is a man who has suffered, but unlike many men of genius who have, its avowal has not escaped into his work. His canvases, on the contrary, are flooded with joyousness. To remain before them without being permeated by this feeling is impossible, so vibrant are they with it and so infectious is that vibrancy. They depict a world where melancholy has no place, into which the soul, but not its maladies, has passed and we are "sad, if at all, with the fulness of joy." Is this world, then, an ideal one? It is not, for this reason—that we may receive a primary impression of unreality from a painting which in the end we will recognize as a transcript, in veracious terms, of that world in which we live, but seen in a light and under a condition to which we were blind until the painter revealed them. And it is, because the canvas which, let us say, is called "October in New England," might as appropriately be called Broceliande or Avalon. In other words, the evocation is of a land which Emerson has himself discovered and to which he only knows the path.

To one familiar with the country in which, for instance, Inness painted, his landscapes are redolent of their localities. So also are those of the men of Barbizon. They are not actual, but they are highly topographical. No such quality exists in those of Emerson. The landscapes of a man who has dwelt long with nature, who has observed her closely but with the rapt, imaginative eye of a visionary, they report nothing and they imply everything. Impressionistic in the extreme, they are in no sense spectacular, bizarre or phantasmagoric. But they are saturated with the spirit of poetic romance. From one of these glades might ride forth Lancelot

or Lamorak; within one of these august tree-trunks might lurk the imprisoned spirit of Merlin; it was this way that Yseult fled from the clutches of King Mark to the arms of Tristram; in these verdured solitudes Siegfried paused to listen to the strange song of the Forest Bird.

That is to say, they exhale a potent and mysterious glamour. In a hundred canvases we cannot discover the suggestion of a single human habitation, but into most of them have been introduced figures which enrich and intensify their romantic, mystic quality. At first these figures may seem to derive from those which Corot used in a similar manner, but in truth there is nothing of Corot about them. Corot's were of two kinds—either pseudo-classic nymphs or unmistakable peasants. The figures of Emerson are neither. They are sprites of the woods, the waters and the winds, bending and swaying in rhythmic joy, their filmy draperies floating about them—strayed revellers as from the pages of Lamotte-Fouqué, Undines which have never known sorrow and never can. Never obtruded or forced upon the eye, they fix and fascinate it, and, without being phantoms, we hesitate to lose sight of them lest in so doing they should disappear from us forever.

W. C. Emerson has had no masters, either in Europe or America. He is self-trained and his genius has been developed in isolation. Yet it is to painters and poets—accomplished artists—that his creations most strongly appeal. He speaks in an idiom above everything else individualistic. A painter who is also a poet has truly said that "a great landscape is the expression of a mood of the human mind as definitely as music or poetry is. The artist is communicating his own emotions. There is some mystic significance in the color he employs; and then the doorways are opened and we pass from sense into soul. We are looking into a soul when we are looking at a Turner, a Corot or a Whistler, as surely as when in dream we find ourselves moving in strange countries which are as yet within us, contained for all their seeming infinitudes in the little hollow of the brain." It is this feeling, precisely, that Emerson's paintings evoke—that they are emanations from the painter's soul, that they could have been painted by no other artist and that it would be impossible to attribute them except to him. We perceive certain influences, chords which have been struck by Turner, Watteau, Fragonard, Corot, Monticelli, perhaps—but despite this, nothing less derivative, less imitative, ever came from an American brush. True, they may, after a fashion, be separated into groups. Certain motives we observe have repeatedly been made use of—but the range is so wide, the keys are so various, that monotony is escaped. Beside a wood-interior conveying a sense of impenetrable depths hangs a rendering of aerial perspective in which "beyond the vague horizon's rim" we glimpse illimitable expanses. A shimmering lyric in virginal greens and silvers is matched with an autumnal rhapsody, "close bosom friend of the maturing sun," which strikes the epic note. Every hour of the day has been detained in passing. Here the wind shakes the trees and sends the clouds a-racing. There a meditative calm is all-enfolding.

It has been said that "The passing of centuries has enriched every color and left it related to some new phase of the soul." Emerson's sensitiveness to color, always intense, at times grazes the miraculous and is expressed with a technical power which could only be the attainment of the most assiduous craftsmanship. The mastery of the brush-work as a means to the painter's end is complete, and when the brush has proved incapable of the effect desired, the palette-knife and other resources have been called into play. The fluency, the command of the medium employed never wavers. There is no groping, no fumbling, no uncertainty. Nevertheless, while one canvas may have been painted at a sitting, upon another a year may have been spent between the original conception and the finished embodiment, hours and days, even seasons, of observation of the play of light and color in the open air being at last forced to yield up their secrets in the unceasing quest for both truth and beauty. Emerson's palette comprises only the three primary colors—red, yellow, blue—with, of course, the addition of white, and by manipulation of these all his effects are obtained. The impasto is often very thick, even enormously so. Yet no impression of heaviness results. The breadth and freedom of handling remain implicit in a composition that may have been painted over and over until veritably a palimpsest. At three feet one of these paintings may seem unintelligible. At twenty it sings to the eye. The trees bend and whisper, the clouds have airy motion, the water lives. Nuances of elusive delicacy combine with masculine strokes in a perfected tonality enclosed in a luminous envelope that thrills and quivers. The neo-impressionistic critic might define this as "beautiful paint"—but it is far more than that—it is beautiful painting, which many an example of "beautiful paint" is not. Art for art's sake it is, quintessentially so, but paint for paint's sake never.

The color sense of Emerson is both stimulated and restrained by his ability to compose. This is absolute. Design is always present, but is veiled, not flaunted. In certain instances he arrives at effects as of rich and mellow tapestries, the subdued splendors of a fragment of medieval arras, but without anything of the Persian rug or Turkey carpet pattern. His is not an art of patterns, but of meanings, of emotions, poised, with nothing conglomerate or incoherent. It is farthest from his intention to startle or astound, to *épater le bourgeois* or produce a new aesthetic shudder. His paintings have dignity, they have grace, they have, often, true abandon—but not the abandon which sprawls and shouts, infatuated with its own uncouth effrontery. Intoxicated with beauty, obviously Emerson has been deaf to that portentous pronouncement, "Beware of the beautiful!" and while he may have read the gospels of the "anarchs of art," he has not heeded them. Hence these paintings are not more beautiful than true. The knowledge of landscape which they reveal is profound. The formations of the trees, alike of their foliage and their trunks, the planes and contours of the earth, the surfaces and textures so admirably and correctly rendered, the introduction of the cloud, the sky and the stream—all testify to fidelity of observation and to a vision piercing "beyond the veil" in order to interpret nature in her fugitive as her elemental aspects. Water is always a minor motive, yet the effect of a bend in a half-hidden brook becomes as poignant as the refrain in a ballad by Verlaine. So with sky and cloud. The very soul of an autumnal pageant that burns with bronze and scarlet we discover to be a bit of blue, perhaps translucent, perhaps half-hidden by a floating cloud.

The paintings of Emerson represent a life-time of self-dedication to a chosen task—all the painter's thought and feeling, all his passion and aspiration, all his hopes and beliefs, all his observation and contemplation, his study, application and effort have been fused in them. But as yet he has not reached his goal. He sees always new vistas unfolding before him and describes himself as still passing through a series of stages whose ultimate he cannot hazard. Like Claude Monet, periods of deep dissatisfaction assail him and in these moments he wishes to destroy all that thus far he has painted, so inadequate does it appear to him in comparison with that to which he aspires. A pilgrim in the eternity of art, he presses forward, his dream of new and far horizons.

The criticism of one form of art in terms of another has become a banality. It affords, in most instances, an escape for the writer who has nothing to say and would say it in an orchidaceous manner. Yet no aesthetic generalization of our time has received such universal acceptance as the maxim of Walter Pater that "All art aspires towards music:" and in taking leave of the landscapes of Emerson we may truly say of them that their distinctive quality is musical. They sing, and their voices are supported by a rich and complex orchestration. If you love the music of certain romantic composers—Schubert, Schumann, Grieg, Claude Debussy, Edward MacDowell—these canvases will echo harmonies which instinctively you associate with their names. Yet it is Mozart, above all others, whom most insistently they recall. Because of all music that of Mozart is the most joyous, and because, while they have the limpid overtones of the Magic Flute, they have also the sonorous undertones of Don Giovanni.

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St. Paul's Psalm of Love

(I Cor. XIII)

A PARAPHRASE

By William Vincent Byars

HAD I not love, although my voice bade men and angels all rejoice, with harmonies of heaven above, it were in vain, alas, but cymbal's sound of tinkling brass, and naught my gain—and naught my gain—had I not love.

Though I were fain of mysteries and prophecies, and though I knew all secrecies of earth below and heaven above; and even although my faith should prove mighty to move yon mountain's mass, it were in vain, had I not love.

And even although, with glad desire, my goods I give that starving men may take and live; though at the stake in flame of fire, I die for the Redeemer's name, and have not love, it were but shame.

He in whose mind the Heavenly Love its home doth make, will suffer long and still be kind, for Love's dear sake.

Love vaunteth not, for in its heart no vanity of pride hath part.

It moveth all to courtesy; it doth not seek its own; it is not angered easily; it loveth not iniquity; it loves the truth alone.

All things it bears; it has all faith; all hopes it shares, nor doth it fail when railing tongues assail it.

Love does not fail, but prophecies and all the lore of tongues shall cease; and knowledge, too, shall be no more.

In this brief day, we know in part, but when we perfect grow in heart, our partial knowledge will not last, but pass away.

In infant's swaddling bands confined, I had the infant's tongue and mind, but now no more am I beguiled by fancies that could please the child.

Though still we see all things that pass, darkly as in a wizard's glass, yet when we gain heaven's perfect grace, we shall see all things, face to face.

For here below, small is the part I e'er can know of God's great All; but there on high, before God's throne, there I,—even I also,—shall know as I am known.

And now remain Faith, Hope and Love,—these three, the greatest of God's train. And greatest of the three is love.

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The Woman Sinister

By Horatio Winslow

THE theory that behind every young-man criminal lurks an older woman urging him on to crime always makes me think of the story of George Tappert and Madame Bravain.

Of course, nobody knows the tale complete except George and the lady and neither of them ever confided much in me. Little scraps of things seen and heard make up my data. But, given a toe-joint, an anatomist will reconstruct every cubic inch of the skeleton. So if you allow a trained newspaperman a sniff at Fact A he's pretty apt to run down every other fact between there and Izzard. Incidentally, George cleared up a lot of things as we sat together in the court-room to-day waiting for his case to come to trial.

When you come to think of it, George was just made to order for Madame Bravain. New England

stock he came from, Puritaner than the Puritanest, which forty years of the middle west had hardened into frozen righteousness. George's parents hurried through this earthly life and went to Heaven, leaving George in the care of an uncle who was so almighty good that his virtue seemed to have smashed his smiling apparatus.

George himself reached eighteen with the reputation of never having kissed a girl and being, in a negative sort of way, nearly perfect. He'd never done anything bad, but he'd never done anything good; in fact like the rest of that branch of the Tappert family he'd never done anything at all. Or to put it pleasantly, George was clay waiting for the hands of the potter.

Well, after two years of clerking in the home town, George accumulated his fare to New York and $111 besides. So crowding most of his roll into money orders payable to himself, he started out to make his fortune in the big city. And it was while hunting for a hall bedroom that he ran across Madame Bravain.

The house was an old-fashioned brownstone on West 107th. He'd been drawn there by an ad to look over an impossible pigeon-hole on the fourth floor, and it was quite by accident that he spied Madame's card on the second. The neat script said, "Room to Let," and it was wedged above the well-polished plate of her doorbell. George liked that polished plate. It suggested cleanliness and so far in his hunt for a place to pound his ear he hadn't been troubled with any excess of that virtue. Besides, there was a woman sobbing just the other side of the door and the sound wakened an emotion in his Plymouth Rock Heart that was absolutely new to George.

He rang the bell.

As the door opened he saw silhouetted a woman of uncertain age, agreeably plump, but with a pathetic droop to her shoulders. When the silhouette developed into a bas-relief he made out a redness about her eyes.

"This is Mrs. Bravain?" he said in his best Iowa accent.

She smiled politely. "No, m'sieur; not *Mizzes* Brayvain," she exaggerated, "Madame Bravain!"

At her reproof he laughed and she laughed and they both laughed. Then, before he had time to get confused, she was showing him the room. Passing through the litle parlor he felt instinctively that the lines and colors were in good taste; but the tiny bedroom—as an interior decorator wouldn't say—was a knockout. Here was actual beauty. The dull-oak couch-bed harmonized with the wall both in blend of color and design. The ugly windows had been made comely with carefully proportioned curtains. And the walls were lightened by just the right number of pictures: an artistically framed photograph of the Acropolis; a water color seascape—breakers foaming up a sunny beach, an exquisite original though by an unknown; a clever reproduction of a Sorolla; and in the middle of a bookshelf a bronze replica of "The Boxer."

"Meestare Cooper—zis was 'is room. I say to 'im, 'Beautify! Make beautiful!' And 'e buy all zese sings. Soch a gran' yo'ng man! So kind! So good!"

"He died?" George suggested, his voice conveying sincere but respectful sympathy.

"Die!" Madame waxed indignant. "W'at for 'e die? 'E marry—oh, soch a ni-i-i-ice girl 'e get for 'is wife! In Yonkers! Soch a ni-i-ice girl!"

Abruptly George made up his mind. "I want the room," he said. "How much?"

It was shortly after George had engaged his room that we met somewhere on lower Broadway. George is five years my junior but both of us first saw the light in the same home town. Accordingly, like all hometowners who meet in N. Y. C., we discovered we were old friends.

(You know this morning in court, when he took the stand in his own behalf and snapped back at the prosecuting attorney, I wondered how much that first little talk of ours had to do with making him what he is to-day. I know I gave him nothing but a mess of cynical, worldly-wise advice that I should have kept to myself.)

"Take it from me," said Bill Harris when I told him about the boy, "your friend George is going to wind up behind iron bars wearing a nobby striped suit."

I laughed at Bill's police-reporter's philosophy: I knew that if you set a Tappert down in the middle of the Valley of Diamonds he wouldn't even acquire a platinum setting.

"That may go for the Tappert family in the middle west," Bill retorted, "but this Tappert is young in the world's gayest and spendingest city. You say he's renting a room from a respectable, middle-aged widow. All right. Chalk down this: sooner or later that poor but respectable widow is going to sink her hooks into the poor boob and send him out to get her some coin. And she won't care whose coin he gets or how he gets it. Make a note of that."

Well, George began to look for a job. You know how it is with a big city: at first the newcomer thinks it's like an ocean—always room for one drop more. Later he discovers it's a brimming pail; and that any time a new drop stays it's by crowding out one of the old drops.

That's the great truth that dawned on George after two unsuccessful weeks of the hardest kind of job-hunting. It left him discouraged and uncertain. So far he hadn't seen much of Madame Bravain, but on the morning of the fifteenth day she stopped him on his way to breakfast.

"Zis morning," she said, "you mus' be my gues'. Two poach' eggs on toas', café, and good counsel—all for nossing."

He followed her into the little dining-room while she bustled about in her morning dress—she didn't wear mid-western wrappers—her head covered with a little ribboned cap.

After the meal was over and George had finished off the eggs with less skill than ferocity, Madame began her "good counsel."

"You are a stenographer," she repeated thoughtfully, "an' there is no deman'—hein?"

He nodded.

She leaned forward. "Why you not get work at somesing—anysing—an' wait?"

"I don't see what else I could do but bookkeeping and I've tried for that."

"You write a good han'?"

He nodded again.

She shook a finger at him. "You get somesing right off—address envelopes—shovel san'—no matter w'at. An' nights—school!"

"School!" he repeated incredulously.

"School. Zis beeg city want only men w'at are extraordinaire—you onderstan'? You shorthan' fas', maybe, but not fas' enoff. You go to school again and learn teel no one is bettaire. W'at you say?"

"I guess you're right," George admitted.

Madame continued. "An' every morning you come here for breakfas'. I charge you nossing—fifteen cent; it is for sake of companee."

George left the flat that morning with blood in his eye. He'd made up his mind to get a job at something if it were only passing out handbills. At ten o'clock he was sitting in an uncomfortable chair addressing envelopes for the Presto Window Cleaner Company. The salary was only wages: with industry he would accumulate ten dollars in ten days. But the fact of the job brought him confidence. He felt so sure of himself that that night he took a chance by paying tuition at a business college for an evening class in rapid dictation. Which was where Madame hit the nail on the head again, because George had a natural facility for the language of pothooks.

At the end of nine and a half days when the job ran dry the junior partner, who had doped out George as a worker, offered him a sort of clerkship in the company.

"I'll pay you nine a week," he said. "I could get a girl for six but part of the work is helping me wrestle with some of them big boxes. It ain't no cinch. How about it?"

George finished the day at his new job. His employer had been right: it "wasn't no cinch." George handled boxes; took dictation; copied lists of names; filed letters; and swept out the office. At six, after a slice of dinner at the nearest quick-and-dirty he hurried to the business college.

It was raining when he left the office; it was still raining when he left the college. By the time he reached the flat he was soaked through.

Madame Bravain listened impatiently to his story of the day's triumph. "You are one bad boy," she said. "You get wet an' you get bad, bad col'. Queeck!" she clapped her hands. "Into bed! I prepare medicine!"

Twenty minutes later, thoroughly warmed by a hot bath, he lay quietly while Madame covered him with an additional blanket and dosed him with a mysterious cough mixture.

"Thank you, ma'am," George said.

She smoothed his hair and smiled down at him. Nobody before had ever done that to George.

It was about a month after this episode that Bill and I saw them together in the subway. Madame was patting the dust from George's coat and otherwise treating him with an air of proprietorship.

"You see," Bill said, "what did I tell you? She's got him now right where she wants him. The more innocent they are the harder they fall. The next step is to send him out after the coin, and, believe me, she'll do it. You keep in touch with your young friend because when he's sent up the river for forging a check or something it'll be **a good story.**"

The big city is like one of those machines which, fed raw material at one end, turn out safety-pins or newspapers or alarm clocks at the other. Into the hopper fall the gangling, the careless, the uncouth, to emerge trim, tailored and *a la mode.*

The change came in George. With my own eyes I saw it come. Three months did it. His old life fell away from him. His step became brisk and alert. His complexion cleared. He stopped biting his fingernails. His table manners waxed beautiful. His clothes he passed on shudderingly to the Salvation Army, replacing them from his vanishing capital. His wages jumped to twelve a week and thereupon he shifted to an importing house which offered fifteen. Meanwhile, his shorthand having become a thing to wonder at, he spent two evenings a week taking dictation from a man named McNickells, president of a trust and savings bank in Jersey City.

It was Madame who personally insisted on this extra work. "It is one beeg chance," she told him. "If you want make beans you go where ze beans grow; if you want make money you go where ze money grow."

And George did so well with his evening work that after ten weeks McNickells took him over as private secretary at $25 per.

Coincidentally the mysteries of Music and Art were opened to George. By instinct, Madame Bravain was a fine lady whose interest in life was far removed from the hall-room-renting and lace-making which she had found necessary to make ends meet. On Sunday evening the motherly-looking woman and the pleasant-faced young man were sure to be found at Carnegie Hall or wherever the best popular-priced music was on tap. More than once they climbed to the opera. On Saturday afternoons they flitted through the Metropolitan Museum or made excursions to the Fifth avenue galleries.

Even this part of Madame's programme was no surprise to Bill. It simply confirmed him in his theories.

"She's playing for big stakes, you can bank on that," he said. "She wants your young friend to be right before she sends him in for the clean-up. Stick around and be ready for the big story when it breaks."

In the meantime George was progressing along other avenues of development, especially the Avenue de Highball. I warned him but he wouldn't listen

to me. If it hadn't been for Madame, George might have become the Village Drunkard.

At half-past eleven one night in the barroom of the Overfleet Hotel, George and three of his young hot sport friends sat talking. As the evening advanced their conversation became more sprightly and less coherent. Suddenly, just in the middle of a muddled argument about burlesque shows, a plump, pleasing, but determined woman walked up to the table.

"Come wiz me," she said. And George came.

What she said to George must have been a-plenty because the very next night he came around to me to find out about some good gymnasium where he could go evenings.

But this little catastrophe didn't keep him from displaying a sudden and dangerous interest in Sadie Destrella.

Sadie wasn't such a bad sort but she had one suicide and one penitentiary sentence to her discredit: young fellows whom her extravagance had drawn into debt. George saw Sadie behind the footlights and arranged for a closer acquaintance. But Madame Bravain, either from acute observation or an equally acute scrutiny of George's wastebasket, got wind of the date.

On the appointed evening when George started to leave he found his room door locked.

"What's the matter?" he snapped.

Madame's voice was kind but firm. "To-night you stay in," she said.

"But I've got an important engagement—business."

"You 'ave more important engagement here."

"I've got to get out and I'm going to get out."

"Try!"

He hurled himself against the thick panels without effect.

"I'll call the police. I'll—I'll leave."

"To-night—no!" she said firmly. "You call ze coppairé an' I tell 'im you shomp you rent."

George pleaded. "But you know mighty well I'm paid up for the next two weeks."

"Bien!" she assented. "But I am one wise kid. I do not approve your date. To-night you stay here. Zat girl is bad."

When next George met Sadie that rising young actress cut him dead.

As the seasons slipped along and George worked farther into Mr. McNickell's good graces, Bill Harris smiled more cynically and wisely than ever.

"I make the Madame all right," he said to me. "She's not only tying the kid up tighter and tighter but just as I predicted, she's grooming him for a killing. This art stuff wasn't haphazard. Old Man McNickells has season tickets at the opera and one of his hobbies is the Metropolitan Museum."

Bill was so convincing in all he said that it knocked me off my feet that evening when George came to tell me his rather surprising troubles. Eighteen months had passed since George's arrival in town. He was swimming along in his work and yet on that evening his face looked like the personal autograph of Despair.

"I've come to you," he said brokenly, "because I don't know where else to go. She—she wants me to marry."

"Well," I soothed, "that's all right. You don't have to marry because she says so."

His face grew whiter. "She insists on it."

It made me feel so sorry for the poor kid that I reached out and patted his shoulder. "George," I said, "you've got yourself in pretty deep. But you don't have to go in any deeper. Never mind what she says. You don't have to marry her. I know a lawyer—"

But George had jerked back, eyes blazing. "Marry her! Why, you poor chump, she won't let me marry her! I've wanted to marry her a dozen times and she's refused me. She won't even listen to me. And now she's insisting that I marry somebody else. That's why I came to you. I don't want to marry anybody else."

It looked like an upset to Bill Harris' theories but Bill said he could read the inside of Madame's head just as though it were a police-station blotter.

"Sure, he's broken-hearted about it," Bill said, "and that's why the Madame won't marry him. She's going to remain a romantic figure in his life—a lost love. Then when the time comes she'll lure him back like a siren. Now listen to your Uncle William and I'll tell you who he is going to marry."

I listened while Bill lit a cigarette.

"McNickells has a daughter. I ran across the family once when I was doing a story over on the Jersey side. That's the girl Madame has picked out for him—I'll bet two weeks' pay on it. And that's the girl he's going to marry. Through marrying her he's going to grab onto a responsible job in the bank. And then—listen to your Uncle William once more—then Madame Bravain is going to get on the job and lure him back. You see."

Well, there was a Miss McNickells. Also, as I found out she was the girl Madame had picked out for George. Of course, Madame didn't know her, but George had met the lady through his employer who invited George around to occasional meals. George must have made a hit with the McNickells because within eight weeks the engagement was announced and the wedding date set.

In court this morning George told me of his "farewell interview" with Madame. It took place a week before the wedding and George said he never felt more heartsick in his life.

Madame told him it was best that he should go through with it.

"A yo'ng man," she said, "mus' marry. He mus' have one familee. Ozzerwise he nevaire grow up."

George felt two tears begin to snowball down his cheeks.

Madame patted his hand. "You weell make 'er a good 'osban' and she—oh, she is soch a ni-i-i-ice girl!"

George stood there in dumb misery. Madame laid a friendly hand on his arm.

"It is bes'," she said, "an' have I ever yet done a wrong sing to you?"

George shook his head. He couldn't speak.

"Then go, my babee, and be 'appy.' She rubbed the back of his hand along her cheek.

And so George left her—"forever!"

Bill said that Madame's influence would draw George back from married life to the flat on 107th street. And in that, too, Bill was right. It did.

It drew him back one night with a black-bellied revolver in his pocket, jumping crazy with jealousy; and if Madame hadn't seen him first he'd have blown the daylights out of a poor little blond boy from Liberty, Missouri, who'd just rented Madame's spare room.

But Madame stepped in and gave George the worst dressing-down he ever got in his life. She called him "a worseless," "a no good," "a shame *an'* disgrace." Then she took away his revolver and told him if he didn't go right back home to his wife and drink a glass of hot milk and jump into bed she'd have him arrested for burglary. And George apologized and went back and his wife never suspected the little drama.

That was the last he saw of Madame Bravain.

At the same time she was really responsible for his wrongdoing and arrest. It happened this way.

When the war broke out Madame went back to France to tie up shrapnel wounds. And the police pinched George on Park Row because he took a free punch at a gent who was cracking indecent jokes about the French Red Cross nurses.

The judge fined George $25 and costs; but George says that's a pretty cheap price to pay for a wife and three children, and a colonial style house, limousine, a chauffeur, and an assistant-cashiership in the fastest growing trust and savings bank in Jersey.

But Bill is still convinced that somehow—sometime—everything will turn out for the worst. That's the trouble with these police reporters: they get so pessimistic that they wouldn't believe good of the Angel Gabriel.

The Old Bookman

CONFESSIONS OF LEARNED IGNORANCE

By Horace Flack

IV. The Gentleness of Froissart

WHEN Sir John Sinclair asked: "How fares it with you, Cousin?" the Earl Douglas answered: "But so-so. Thanks be to God, but few of my ancestors have died in chambers or in their beds." Then, having his skull crushed, he told those around him to leave him where he lay, and to shout "Douglas, Douglas," while they carried his banner forward.

I was probably about eight years old when I first read this in Froissart, under the picture of "The Death of Douglas, Designed from a Manuscript Illumination of the 15th Century." From then until now, I had supposed that this was the "good Lord Douglas," who was defeated in thirteen battles and died defeated, after having been fifty-seven times victorious. I was mistaken. The liability to mistake increases with the increase of learning. No man is ever safe in becoming learned until he has become acutely and painfully aware of this. But on that subject I can easily say too much. I return to the Good Sir James Douglas, who was charged to carry the heart of Bruce to the Holy Sepulchre. Driven by the Saracens, he threw the casket containing the heart where the enemy were thickest, drove them back, recovered the casket, and died when St. Clare of Roslyn, unhorsed and surrounded, cried to him: "Douglas! A rescue, Douglas, Douglas!" This was the Good Sir James of whom Barbour says:

> "When he was blyth, he was lovelie
> And meek and sweet in companie.
> But who in battle might him see,
> Another countenance had he."

This sort of meekness, sweetness and gentleness inspires the prose and verse of the Reverend, Sir John Froissart, "treasurer and canon of Chimay in the Province of Hainault, District of Liege." Though it was not until comparatively late in life that I began to read his poetry, I had read his prose Chronicles so intently before I was twelve years old that I left little of a rare edition I began with soon after learning to spell. If I have ever tried to be "meek and sweet in companie," this may help to account for it. Certainly "civilization" does not. I do not know what civilization means. It may be a substitute for chivalry, which politically is now dead, and perhaps damned also. Certainly, it is dead forever, as a political method. Civilization may be better, if we ever find what it means. Perhaps. The experiment is worth trying at any rate. So of Christianity. Chivalry was the political compromise between Christianity and the original nature of men who were sincere in thanking God with their last breath that they were not dying in bed. It made us fonder of fighting than ever the Cave Man was. In the community that educated me, I was perhaps the only boy under twelve who read Froissart, but when they were blyth, the men of that community (whom may heaven bless) were meek and sweet in companie. And any man among them, who got behind a hitching-post while being shot at when he was not blyth, was tolerated afterwards, if he survived, but never respected as before. So "lovelie and meek and sweet" were they in educating me, that by contrast with them, those who show the insolence of office, remind me continually that I can never safely pretend to be civilized. So always I wish to leave those I love blyth, as long as may be. No one can make mistakes about the reality of their blytheness and meekness but at his peril. And to think they may be permanently controlled for any secret and ulterior purpose when once forced out of themselves, is of all errors the most perilous. So, dear friends (including our Reverend Fathers in God), what a blessed thing it would be if we could only know what we are doing while we are doing it, instead of afterwards.

Letters From the People

Poet Aiken's Reply

11 Walnut St., Boston, Mass.
April 3, 1917.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Regarding the greater part of Mr. Hervey's colorful and overwhelming rhodomontade against my book, I have nothing to say,—beyond, perhaps, venturing to remark that if this is decadence then Freud is a decadent, and all psychologists are decadent. But when Mr. Hervey begins ascribing my decadence to imitation of this or that definite source, there is not, unfortunately, so much latitude for opinion. Mr. Hervey states that my work contains more than mere echoes of "Jenny," *"Les Fleurs du Mal,"* and "Saloon Sonnets." I experience considerable glee, and no shame, in confessing that I have read none of these. Mr. Hervey may now, therefore, if he wishes, abuse me for my ignorance of English and French literature.

Sincerely yours,
CONRAD AIKEN.

❖

"Ragnar Redbeard" a St. Louisan?

New York, April 3, 1917.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

I notice in the March 23rd and 30th issues the letters from Mackey Stirner and Rousseau Jones—both pen names evidently—concerning "Might is Right," by Ragnar Redbeard.

In 1905, N. P. L. Rosch, now deceased, gave to me the proof sheets of "Might is Right" to read, stating he was the author and that the book would be printed by some publishing concern in Chicago and requested me to make no mention of his being the author.

Mr. Rosch subscribed literally to the doctrine that "Right is Might" and many is the argument I have had with him concerning that subject.

OSCAR AURELIUS MORGNER.

[Nicholas P. L. Rosch read to the editor of the MIRROR about 1905 what was probably the "proof" referred to by O. A. M. It was a ferocious assault upon Democracy, Christianity, charity, virtue, and all the accepted sanctities. On first reading "Might is Right," the editor suspected Rosch, but lacked evidence. He does not now recall that Rosch's booklet in proof bore the title "Might is Right," but Rosch may very well have been "Ragnar Redbeard." He did not want the substance of the proofs he passed around made generally known.

Rosch was at one time associated in the practice of law with John Peter Altgeld, in Chicago. He came to St. Louis about 1905 and first gained some local distinction in a small way as an attorney for some of the followers of the late state Senator Tom Kinney. He organized a Democratic club in the brewery region and not proving tractable to the political bosses his club was broken up and he was slugged. He published broadsides attacking Democratic politicians and distributed them at conventions. He had talent as a rough-and-ready caricaturist as well as a vituperative writer. He took up the cause of prohibition and wrote and drew for it, violently. Once he ran for the Democratic nomination for Circuit Attorney on a campaign fund of about nine dollars. Later he went to Venice, Ills., and started a paper called *The Gondola,* that lasted about three weeks. It was too hot for Venice. Rosch died somewhat more than a year ago—having returned to the fold from which he had strayed—Roman Catholicism.

Messrs. Thurland and Thurland, publishers of "Might is Right," Evanston, Ills., are inclined to doubt Mr. Rosch's authorship. Mr. Rosch was a customer of theirs away back in the '90s. He received copies of the book from the earliest edition imported from England. He ordered a copy once to be sent to Tom Watson of Georgia. It had a notable effect on Watson. Governor Altgeld once quoted from the book in an oration against government by judges, but the newspapers suppressed the quotation. Messrs. Thurland and Thurland give some history of the book: "The first publisher in London was named Bowman or Bowerman and the book was sold by Foyle, Charing Cross Road, and by Simpkins Marshall. In Chicago it was brought out at first by Mueller & Co., Garden City Block. This firm bankrupted about 1900. The University of Chicago wrote us some years ago as to the personality of the author, who was said to have been a teacher there for two years. Prof. Von Otto Ammon of Berlin translated "Might is Right" into German, eighteen years ago, in condensed form. The first copies of the book were typewritten and stitched together with wire and bound in cloth. Perhaps Mr. Rosch had one of these. We are inclined to think the style in which the book is printed is in the nature of a disguise—the author apparently did not want to be known. Bernard Shaw once said the book would produce a thousand revolutions yet."

❖❖❖

Donation Day

By proclamation of the mayor next Monday will be Donation Day in St. Louis. All the charitable organizations of the city report that through the increased cost of foods and other necessaries, the distress of the poor is greater this year than ever before, that many families formerly self-supporting are now dependent upon charitable assistance. The St. Louis Provident Association, the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and the Federation of Jewish Charities—among which the receipts of Donation Day are to be divided—have had their

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respective treasuries practically exhausted by the unusual demands of the past winter. There is much still to be done and everyone should "do his bit." Donation boxes in the street cars will mutely appeal to each passenger, and the more fortunate automobilists will be reminded by the dailies to send in their checks to the committee; the officers of the committee are A. J. Siegel, chairman; J. R. Cooke, treasurer; Walter R. Tubbs, secretary; Oscar Leonard, assistant secretary. Be prepared.

✣ ✣ ✣

At the Theaters

Manager Stoltz of the Jefferson theater announces the most important booking of the season in the coming of the big Winter Garden extravaganza "Robinson Crusoe, Jr.," headed by Al Jolson surrounded by a company of more than two hundred, including the prize beauty chorus and the Winter Garden orchestra. "Robinson Crusoe, Jr.," beats all the frothy frolics that have come from the Winter Garden. It is a dream yarn concocted by Harold Atteridge and Edgar Smith, with music by Sigmund Romberg and James Hanley. Little of the classic Crusoe story has been utilized, but *Crusoe* himself, his man *Friday* and the fiendish cannibals appear. Many truly lovely pirates are encountered. These pirates and their fun-making associates will reach St. Louis Sunday morning on the Winter Garden Special. The big spectacle in two acts and twelve scenes will open Sunday night and matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday.

✣

"Number 355," a new American production from the pen of Anna Goldmark Gross, is to be seen here at the Shubert-Garrick theater during the week beginning next Sunday evening, under the joint management of Ernest Shuter and Charles H. Bauer. "Number 355" has been described as a "woman's play," with characters true to life, involved in love and mystery. It is not a melodrama, but might more properly be described as a super-modern problem play in which the keen wits of a young lawyer are pitted against the schemings of men of power but no scruples. In the supporting cast are such well-known names as Helen Holmes, Kate Guyton, Madeline Meredith, Olive Stanton, Percy Helton, Joseph Rawley, Robert Thorne and Carl Gerard.

✣

Orville Harrold, the American tenor known in opera and concert, is the headliner on the bright nine-act vaudeville offering at the Columbia theater next week starting with Monday's matinee. With Hector MacCarthy at the piano, he sings five songs, one of which, "I Am Falling in Love With Someone," he sang with Emma Trentini in "Naughty Marietta." Blossom Seeley, in private life the wife of Rube Marquard, the baseball pitcher, appears in "Seeley's Syncopated Studio," with Bill Bailey and Lynn Cowan at the piano and banjo, and they get all the rag out of ragtime. "The Age of Reason," a comedy success of the Washington Square Players, is presented by a company in which the young Vivian and Genevieve Tobin are featured. Others on the bill are Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Barry in "The Rube;" Donahue and Stewart in nonsense; the Chief Caupelican, Indian singer and orator; Burdella Patterson in artistic poses; Zeda and Hott, in "The Dragon and the Owl;" and the Orpheum Travel Weekly.

✣

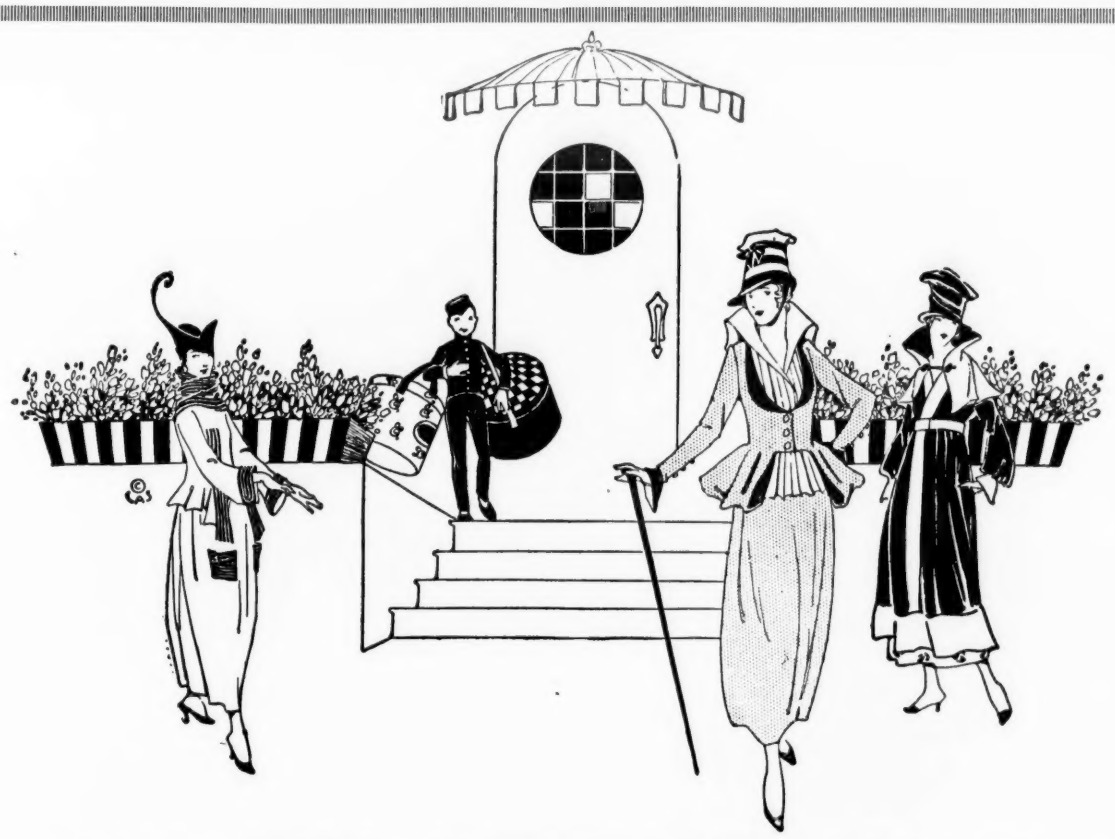
"The Betting Bettys," a racing musical comedy featuring John Morris, will lead the vaudeville bill at the Grand Opera House next week. Other good numbers will be the four athletic Bards; "The Toll Bridge," a dramatic sketch; Emily Darrell and Ford Hanford in "Late for Rehearsal;" William, Jennings and Bryan Taylor showing fun in a gymnasium; William and Fuller, undiluted fun; LaBelle and Lillian in a musical act, and new comedy pictures.

✣

Rose Melville, herself, will appear at the American next week in her old favorite "Sis Hopkins." She has become an institution of the American stage, rivalling Joseph Jefferson. Part of her popularity is due to her talent and part to the homely philosophy of the play, or rather melodrama, and the combination results in a production of which the public never tires.

✣

Sunday evening's performance will mark the close of the local German theater season. The play will be the comedy entitled "The Frog King" (*Der Froschkoenig*), by Henry F. Urban, a well-known German-American newspaper man. Mr. Ludwig C. Kreiss, the talented Milwaukee artist, is to be the star in the play. Mr. Kreiss is not only a splendid player but is also the director of the Pabst theater, Milwaukee, where the comedy was given with tremendous



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success. Mr. Kreiss comes here at no small sacrifice to oblige his friend Mr. Loebel. The occasion will be one of artistic and social note.

❖

Owing to the taking over of the Players' playhouse by the Cella interests, the Players will close their season April 29. The present attraction, "Seven Keys to Baldpate" will conclude Sunday evening instead of Saturday as has been the custom heretofore, and a revival of the delightful Margaret Mayo comedy "Baby Mine" will open on Monday evening, April 16. Miss Marjorie Foster, whose blond beauty was so much admired in Wm. H. Crane's "Father and the Boys," in Cohan and Harris' "The Fortune Hunter" and in their "Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford," will make her appearance as new leading woman. Mitchell Harris will play the much imposed upon putative father, and Arthur Holman the friend whose good-natured attempts to carry forward the deception keep him and everyone else in hot water.

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War Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

(Continued from page 254.)

us. The great emergency should strengthen it. We can further free ourselves while freeing Europe and the national necessity affords splendid opportunity to go without delay to a basis of justice. Sacrosanct property can be made to give way to the inherent rights of man. The thing for liberals to do is to use the war for their purposes, instead of obstructing it for remote abstractions. If they will think, the liberals will find that, as Stephen Crane said, "war is kind!"

❖

Should this government bind itself with the Entente not to make a separate peace? That is a problem. The object of the war is to end the war. Suppose the United States could make a separate peace with Austria-Hungary, would that not tend to break the Teutonic power? It is good tactics to divide the enemy. By staying out of a rigid agreement with the Entente would this government not be more available for the enemy to approach with negotiations? Suppose Austria-Hungary, Turkey or Bulgaria become afraid of their great ally. Might they not broach peace with this government sooner than with those pledged against a separate peace. And as we are not fighting for territory, but for the rule of law, would it not well become us to leave ourselves in a position to oppose merciless exactions upon the German people? Holding out from an agreement with our allies not to make a separate peace, may worry the allies, but it would be more efficacious in breaking the bonds between the enemy-nations.

❖

What shall the citizen do? He can volunteer for any service. A country worth living in is worth serving. There are many things which any man may do, or woman either. We don't want all the men in the army. Many can serve better elsewhere. We need service in the industries, in all the activities back of the fighting line. England had to send back to the factories thousands of both volunteers and conscripts. Indiscriminate volunteering for the army would hinder preparation for the struggle in some respects. Therefore conscription must be highly selective, and selectiveness must mitigate the evil of coercion, so offensive to democracy. To go straightway to unselective conscription would be bad policy, especially as our first duty is to provide ships, supplies and money to our allies, and the immediate need of soldiers is not desperately critical. The government will probably inaugurate a national register and outline many other things than the usual exemptions, the kinds of service other than fighting for which men may be needed. Volunteers for any service would, of course, be welcome. Rejection of volunteers for the fighting line is not to be thought of. A call for volunteers will be tried first of course. It is inevitable in order that the people's willingness to go into the army may be tested and the necessity for conscription estimated, so that the method may be determined. It is not beyond possibility that the response to a call for volunteers will be greater than the pacifists would have us believe, that conscription will not be so necessary. But no matter how many volunteer, there should be enforced equality of service from all who participate in the benefits of government. There is a chance for everyone to mobilize himself for some kind of service. And it is a small man who will wait to be drafted—a small man, I mean, in that he is not big enough to realize the duty of giving himself that freedom may live. To the opponents of conscription there is but one thing to say: "If you don't believe in conscription, volunteer for something, volunteer anything but criticism and opposition." The United States expects every man to do his duty, and every *man* will do it.

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The war news from the Flanders front would seem to indicate that this country's decision to enter the fray has inspired the Entente forces to a determination to finish up the Teutons before we can really get in. The attacks upon the enemy are tremendously effective, as the number of prisoners and guns taken plainly shows. The captives and spoils indicate that the retreat of victory is no such thing. Of course, there may be some concerted action in giving us heartening news, but even the German bulletins admit reverses. It is noted that those who surrender do so with alacrity. There is no doubt that the German army in Flanders is in distress, and we may imagine that the news of our entering the war contributes thereto. The Germans and Turks are in bad plight, too, in Mesopotamia, since the Russo-Anglo-Franco forces have made connections and are tightening the cordon on the Teutons. It is probable that the German offensive against Russia is due, since the Russian forces must be disorganized somewhat as a result of the revolution, and there may be a Dumouriez among the Russian generals as there was among those of the first French republic.

❖

The German kaiser promises electoral reform to his subjects—after the war. If there be enough revolution in the air to prompt such a concession, the concession is not enough. The revolution will demand more. Whether it is strong enough to demand and enforce abdication is doubtful. It is folly to doubt that the Kaiser is a popular idol. Most of the Germans who most opposed war do not believe that he personally brought it on. They blame it upon the Crown Prince and the war party. Still, the Kaiser has gone pretty far in catering to the evident popular discontent. Evidently he caught only a refraction of the vision attributed to him in Mr.

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Nicholas A. Doyle's remarkably beautiful fancy, "The Miracle," in last week's issue of the MIRROR. He may yet proclaim the truth in its fullness, since now he sees it though as in a glass darkly.

❖❖❖

Marts and Money

Wall street values show considerable depreciation, varying from $3 to $10 in the majority of representative instances. This, in the face of an actual declaration of war against Germany, a thing which the financial folks have hotly desired for many moons. There was an ebullient response to the announcement of favorable action in the senate, but the resultant fine effects quickly disappeared when it was bruited about that the government intended to introduce a radical scheme of taxation, and to purchase war material and supplies on terms leaving only petty profits, if any at all, to producers. The quotation for United States Steel common was badly affected by rumors hinting at serious differences between the administration and officials of the corporation in connection with contracts for finished steel, plates particularly. The total break amounted to almost $10. Whether any trouble really existed cannot be ascertained; it is not unlikely that it existed only in the calculating imagination of the professional wrecking crews. According to latest reliable advices, the contracts have been awarded on terms satisfactory to both parties.

The daily aggregates of Exchange transactions were not of really great proportions, but they included many sales of approved investment issues, a feature which incited a good deal of sober and sustained thinking in regard to the financial and general economic effects that our participation in the European struggle may bring in the course of time. Especially noteworthy was the liquidation of such stocks as Canadian Pacific, Chicago & Northwestern common, Great Northern, New York Central, Norfolk & Western, Pennsylvania, and Union Pacific. Assumably, some of this selling was for the account of people who thought it advisable to prepare for the approaching heavy loan operations of the government. We are given to understand that the regnant financiers of the nation are already perfecting plans for bond issues aggregating $10,000,000,000. In the words of Edmund Burke, "this is a serious sum." It sets one to thinking as to the probable influences it may have upon the money market. However, there can be no question that it will be produced when or if called for, and that without a hitch. For the nation is excellently fixed, financially. It is glutted with gold; the federal treasury holds more than $3,000,000,000 of the yellow stuff. Besides, the credit-creating capacity of the federal reserve banks has scarcely been used thus far. Bearing these things in mind, it appears not a bit astonishing that the loan market should virtually be in the same condition as it was a week ago. The highest rate for six months still is 4¼ per cent; call funds are obtainable at 2 to 2½ per cent.

The weakness of quotations for railroad stocks was accentuated by a series of decidedly unpleasant monthly statements. The New York Central, for example, reported a net loss of over $6,000,000 for February. In our efforts to explain the disappointing results, we must remember the steadily rising cost of operation in all sections of the country. The February exhibits reflected, to a considerable extent, the deferred payments of wages provided by the Adamson Act; also the prolonged congestion of freight in the east and middle west. Careful account must be taken, likewise, of the materially increased cost of rails, cars, locomotives, and miscellaneous railway material. It should be obvious by this time, even to persons congenitally prejudiced against the railroad companies, that a substantial advance in freight rates is urgently demanded in the interest of efficient, expeditious, and progressive transportation facilities. If it does not come forth, government control, of a direct or indirect character, will become inevitable.

The bonds and notes of the British, French and Russian governments rose right smartly in values in response to the martial developments at Washington. The Anglo-French 5s, for instance, reached 95; some time ago, they could be bought at 90¾. The present quotation is 94. For a few days transactions in these securities were in enormous volumes. The high point for them in 1916 was 98½. Further enhancement in issues of this variety is likely to be witnessed, though, perhaps, not immediately. It would certainly appear foreshadowed by the reported determination of the federal government to extend virtually unlimited credit to its Allies. Considerable betterment can be noted, also, in the quotations for French and Italian bills of exchange. They are 5.69 francs and 7.07 lire, respectively, at present. The recent minimum levels were 5.90 francs and 8 lire. The rate for sterling exchange is up to $4.75¾; some weeks ago, it was $4.75; in normal times, the rate is $4.8665. There are no transactions these days in Austrian an German bills.

The week's bank statement indicates substantial improvement in surplus reserves, which stand at $163,000,000, against $113,000,000 a week ago. The loan item shows an expansion of $50,000,000,000, and net deposits one of $97,000,000. Gold continues to be received in large amounts; the sum total of the inflow since the first of the year is placed at nearly $310,000,000. Whether receipts might fall off after we have commenced to finance the allied governments on a grand scale, is an interesting question. Probably they will.

The quoted values of bonds were but little injured by the break in the stock department. A few leading issues are actually higher than they were a week ago. United States Steel 5s, for instance, indicate an advance of one-quarter of one per cent. It would seem that the remarkably successful flotation of the latest loan of New York City proved a helpful factor. It upheld the opinion that domestic securities of the highest character cannot reasonably be expected to suffer serious losses in quotations on account of the financial burdens and future needs of the Entente Allies. However, it remains true that ruling prices for nearly all representative bond issues listed on the stock exchange are two to four points under the high records of recent months.

In supreme financial quarters it is keenly realized that the next five or ten years must bring revolutionary changes in economic affairs even in the United States. The *Wall Street Journal* points out that the demands for sweeping innovations and reforms are especially insistent in the Northwest. "The *Montana Equity News* is quoted as demanding the transaction of general banking

by the postal savings banks, federal ownership of terminal warehouses, telegraphs, telephones, railroads, and munition factories, and federal inspection and standardization of farm products; in fact, the complete obliteration of state lines so far as farming goes. While there is a strong parallel movement among the farmers north of the line, the Canadian Grain Growers' Associations, through incorporated companies, already have close working contact with the chartered banks of the Dominion. The ideals of both groups are much the same. Exemption of farm improvements from taxation is demanded in the Northwestern states; if the town people do not want single tax, let them go without. Whether it savors of socialism, combination, privilege, or what not, is of no moment, the demand is for special laws to aid the growth of products, the broadest possible bank credit supplementing the best possible facilities to market them at the highest prices, and government-encouraged co-operation to enable the farmer to buy from the rest of the community whatever he needs at the lowest possible prices." Programmes like these invite deep cogitation in orthodox capitalistic circles.

The Chicago Board of Trade people have a mighty nice-looking market nowadays. They do a big business at the highest prices on record for wheat and corn. May wheat is quoted, at this time, at $2.14½, against $1.17½ a year ago. May corn is rated at $1.32, against $0.75⅜. For May oats, the respective figures are 66 and 45 cents. The latest precipitous rush to buy for both accounts followed a sensationally "bullish" crop report from Washington. The probable winter wheat yield was placed at only 430,000,000 bushels, the lowest quantity on record for this time of the year. The average condition was put at 63 per cent. If anything serious happens to the spring wheat fields in the Northwest, the national food dictator will find his job anything but soft and uninteresting.

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Finance in St. Louis

Fourth Street brokers had a quiet week. There was no special activity in any important quarter. Brokers and their patrons were deeply interested in politics,—local, national and international; also in the depression in Wall street and the financial needs of the federal government. The drift in prices was dully downward in most cases, but there were no striking declines. Holders seemed under the impression that the reactionary spell must soon pass away. A firm feature was Commercial Acid common, the price of which advanced to 182 on sales of thirty shares; the improvement amounted to five points. Fifteen Chicago Railway Equipment were sold at 104 to 104.50; twenty-five International Shoe common, at 99.75 to 100; forty-eight Union Sand & Material, at 83; twenty Ely-Walker D. G. common, at 109; three hundred and ten National Candy common at 23.50 to 23.87½, and thirty Wagner Electric, at 165 to 170.

There were numerous transactions in the shares of banks and trust companies, but the total amount disposed of was not large. Prices were generally a little lower. Five Boatmen's brought 120; thirty Mercantile Trust, 358; three, 356; three Mechanics-American National, 250; seventeen Mississippi Valley Trust, 291; four St. Louis Union Trust, 348.50, and eleven Bank of Commerce, 116.50. There's no real selling pressure in any of the leading bank stocks, and none is looked for in the near future. Ruling quotations furnish no powerful incentives for liquidation. In only a few cases do they show material betterment when contrasted with the low marks of the past two or three years.

Street Railway issues were little mentioned during any of the sessions. United Railways 4s still are held at or around 62 to 62.25. One hundred and ten shares of the preferred stock brought 22.50, a figure denoting a decline of about two points. For the common the current bid is 6; the stock is in poor request. One thousand dollars Missouri-Edison Electric 5s were sold at 100.50, and $4,000 Kinloch L. D. Telephone 6s, at 93.75 to 93.87½.

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Latest Quotations

	Bid.	Asked.
Mechanics-Am. Nat.	250	.....
Nat. Bank of Com.	115	115½
Mercantile Trust	357¼	358
Mis. Valley Trust	290	291
St. L. Union Trust	352	355
United Rys. com.	.....	7
do pfd.	22	22½
do 4s	61¼	62
St. L. Sub. gen 5s	73	.....
E. St. L. & Sub. 5s	86½	87
K. C. Home Tel. 5s $1000	.....	95¼
Union S. & M.	83	83¼
Ely & Walker com.	.....	110
do 1st pfd.	107	.....
Int. Shoe com.	99¼	.....
do pfd.	111¼	.....
Rice-Stix 1st pfd.	112½	113½
Cent. Coal & Coke com.	55¼	.....
Granite-Bi-Metallic	55	60
Com. Acid com.	.....	185
St. L. Brew. Assn. 6s	70½	.....
Nat. Candy com.	23⅜	23½
Chi. Ry. Equipment	.....	105

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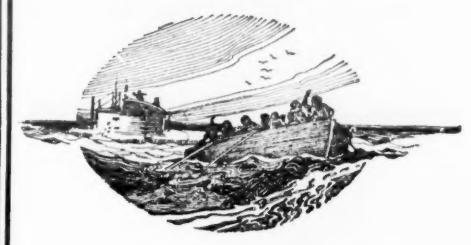
Answers to Inquiries

INVESTOR, St. Louis.—Reading first preferred is an investment stock of the best class. The par value is $50 a share, on which $2 is paid every year. The present quotation of 42 is quite reasonable; it implies a net yield of 4.76 per cent. The best on record is 48½; it was paid in 1905. About a year ago the stock sold at 46. In the 1907 panic the price was down to 36½, the lowest level since 1900. The stock may be retired at par at any time.

FINANCIER, Olathe, Kan.—Cuba Cane Sugar common is considered an attractive speculation at the present quotation of 44, which compares with a maximum of 76⅜ in 1916. Wall street persists in the belief that an initial dividend of $1.50 or $1.75 will be declared at an early date. The company's crop for the season is estimated at 3,500,000 bags; the probable net results are placed at $17,500,000, against $14,729,000 last year. If these figures are trustworthy, then the amount available for the 1,000,000 shares outstanding (no par value) should be not less than $30 for each share.

F. S. H., Pacific, Mo.—Kansas City, Ft. Scott & Memphis 6s, guaranteed by the St. Louis & San Francisco, are a desirable investment. They are secured by a first mortgage on 688 miles of main line road, and a second mortgage on 26 miles; the total mileage covered is at the rate of $19,756 per mile. The bonds are quoted at 109½; three months ago, they were rated at 111⅝. In 1906, they sold at as high a price as 121. At 109½, the net yield is approximately 4.80 per cent. Whether the price might decline to 105 is mostly dependent upon the duration of the war and the financial requirements of the United States and allied nations. Purchasers will have to consider this matter in an earnest way.

STEADY READER, St. Louis.—Holders of Anaconda Copper stock get $8 per annum. This rate is believed to be assured for 1917, despite the substantially reduced price for copper recently set aside for the government by leading producers. Copper "bulls" declare that the 45,000,000 pounds is a trifling quantity, in view of the yearly output of



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more than 2,000,000,000 pounds. So long as the average quotation for the metal remains at or above 25 cents, prevailing high dividend rates will not be in danger of reduction. For six months ending June 30, 1917, the Anaconda's surplus, after payment of $16,000,000 notes and two quarterly dividends of $2 each, is estimated at $12,175,000, and the total treasury surplus at $55,908,115, equal to $24 on each share of stock outstanding.

STOCKHOLDER, Brenham, Tex.—Wilson common has a host of friends, not only because of the magic of the name, but also because of the splendid earning power of the concern. The stock exchange crowd takes it for granted that dividend payments will begin in less than six months. In 1916 the company earned $4,213,000 on the stock, equal to $21 on each share; in 1915 the rate was $8.89. The stock is regarded as a good speculation, and destined to develop into a first-class investment some years hence. The present quotation of 69 contrasts with 84¼ on March 30.

IN DOUBT, Billings, Mont.—Cannot advise an investment in Maxwell Motor common stock, the 10 per cent dividend notwithstanding. The stability of this rate is seriously questioned. The quoted price of the stock—52—hardly suggests a superior degree of confidence in inside quarters in the advisability of paying 10 per cent. If you purchase you will have to hold yourself prepared for violent changes in the price, and also possible disappointments as to returns. On September 25, 1916, the stock was priced at 99. The 7 per cent first preferred would seem a better purchase at the prevailing price of 69, which indicates a net yield of over 10 per cent.

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What I've Been Reading

By William Marion Reedy

(Continued from page 254.)

Poe's work. Ewers has traveled much, has "held the gorgeous East in fee" and has done some work that is powerful if *outre*. Ewers is a great admirer of Baudelaire, who, as we know, introduced Poe's tales to the French. Mr. Ewers does not like Washington Irving. He loves Poe—not alone for his dark imaginings, but—it is a fair deduction—because Poe drank. Mr. Ewers seems to believe that intoxicants are indispensable to the artist. The mind must be poisoned in order to produce works of art—if not with liquor, in other ways. Baudelaire has a poem in his *"Fleurs du Mal,"* I remember, that advises us all to be drunk on wine, or love or glory or what you will. Mr. Ewers writes as one musing in the Alhambra. He seems to think Washington Irving on the Alhambra and Bulwer Lytton on Pompeii would have been better had they drank. Likewise he might have liked Poe better if he had found in Poe "one little allusion based on sexual love." Nevertheless, Mr. Ewers pours forth a great song in praise of Poe. "Ulalume" hypnotizes him; he dreads the "ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir." *Lenore* and *Ligeia* fascinate him, and to him "the Edgar Allan Poe that is *Roderick Usher* had, like the angel Israfel of the Koran, a lute in place of his heart." He finds Poe as the hero of all his own tales from "The Cask of Amontillado" and "The Tell-Tale Heart" to "William Wilson"—they are all symbols of the poet's own tortures. But in the totality, Mr. Ewers pays a powerful tribute to Poe as the supreme literary artist that this country has produced. He makes gloriously plain his worship of Poe for the American's devotion to the truth of beauty. Mr. Ewers puts his criticism in a very attractive form—in a prose poem in which moonlight and the nightingales' song in the Alhambra are shattered by blazes and detonations of denunciation of Griswold, who said Poe drank and of Ingram who said Poe didn't drink. This book makes one want to know more of Hans Heinz Ewers—and why not?—for Mrs. Lewisohn says in her introduction: "His conclusion is that the occult is so deeply rooted in our spiritual natures that the mind is our actual body and the imagination our real mind—that as a phenomenon of nature there exists nothing more holy or more spiritual than the carnal."

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Some critics have been telling us there are no more masters of the short story—now that O. Henry's pen is stilled. They err. Fannie Hurst writes for us to-day and gives us life as it is. She is as fine an interpreter as was Will Porter—with an eye for fact and for the true romance. She has breadth in her stories brief though they be. Then there is Edna Ferber, with the keenness of feeling for the blend of fun and sorrow of plain American folks. There's Katherine Fullerton Gerould with an ironic exoticism of conception. There is Jack Lait. And there is Rupert Hughes. Read his book of short stories "In a Little Town" (Harpers), and then take off your hat to him. We know him as novelist and playwright. In those capacities he is cleverly sophisticated. When he takes up the short story he gives it a quality distinct from anything he has done before. Rupert Hughes knows his Gotham and his London and his Paris; but he has not forgot Keokuk, or Missouri, where he was born. He says that life is the same in the small as in the big town. He is not above a fine introductory note in which he praises the Keokuk dam and the Indian chief after whom the town was named. Mr. Hughes' book contains fourteen stories or sketches that are "true to humanity." Mr. Hughes writes with a pen that is—well, hard, in the classic sense. A dry light shines in his work. He is curt, you might say. He does not let himself go. You get a sense of his personal restraint. And just about the time you think he's too cynical about things you find that he has led you by his cynical method to a point in his story where he gives you a sob in your throat. His stories are not "arrangements." They come easily, without contrivance. There is no trickery in them. In "Don't You Care" there is a delicious idyl of a homely girl. In "Pop" you are touched to rage and tears for a desperately driven husband and father. "Baby Talk" is a natural bit of college humor. "The Mouth of a Gift Horse," is the tragedy of a man who tried to do something for his town and was broken in the doing. "The Old Folks at Home" is an effective version of something like the story of Harry Thaw's mother's devotion. No heart so hard it will not swell and shake towards the end of "And This is Marriage" or "The Man That Might Have Been." It is Hughes

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the ironist who shows in "Prayers" and it is a votary of pity who tells the terrible story entitled "Pain." There is a classic touch in "The Ghostly Councillors." In none of these stories is there the thing we call punch. Mr. Hughes' art is diffused in his work. His stories do not depend for their effect upon carefully constructed surprise. They appeal to the reader as a whole. The people in them are veritable people, not mannikins. They are people into whose places you can put yourself and see yourself acting as they do. None of them is diabolically clever. They never do surprising things that have to be done to make the story work out. They are natural. And they are, on the average, good people, like the people we know in little towns and big towns, too. I get from the stories of Rupert Hughes more of the people in the stories than I do of wonder at the cleverness of Mr. Hughes, though I catch an echo here and there of Hughes' communings with the masters of the writing craft in other tongues, living and dead. And there is withal something of the cavalier manner connoted in the name, Rupert, in the way this author deals with life in a little town. He has the gesture of the swordsman who salutes "Fortune my foe" ere engaging him.

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Charles Downer Hazen wrote a big book in "Europe Since 1815." That book is a sort of curtain-raiser for the tragedy of the Great War—rather it is a prologue thereto. Now he has written "The French Revolution and Napoleon" as a prologue to "Europe Since 1815." Both books are published by Holt. He has admirably summarized the subject. If you look with but a little care to his study of Frederick the Great you can see many things that remind you of William II. You can see in William the methods of Frederick. Especially admirable I find his picture of the France before the revolution. He makes one realize how inevitable was the revolution. When you are about at the height of wonder that the uprising did not come sooner, you see that it came when it had to. There was nothing more that autocracy could do in the way of iniquity, though Louis XVI was not a bad, only a weak man. Remarkably clear is the story of the efforts of Turgot to stop the exploitation of the people, of the compromises of Necker. Mr. Hazen makes lucid the details of the summoning of the assembly, the effort to keep the estates apart, their final coalescence, Louis' wavering, his treason while temporizing. The mob at the Tuileries, the destruction of the Bastile, the king's and queen's flight, the growth of the power of the Jacobins and Cordeliers, the part played by the city of Paris,—the uprising in La Vendee, the Terror—Marat, Danton, Robespierre—the clash between Mountain and Plain, the death of Madame Roland and the Girondins—the fall of the Incorruptible—and then Napoleon. As you read all this to-day, one exclamation inevitably rises to the lips, "What a moving picture it would make!" The sketch of Napoleon from the first campaign in Italy—nay, from the day he watched the mob make Louis don the *bonnet rouge* at the Tuileries—to the Pyramids, when British sea power first checked him—to Lodi, Austerlitz, Borodino, Moscow, Elba, Waterloo—is as clear as it is swift. Napoleon the statesman as well as Napoleon the soldier. Napoleon as small as he was great. Indeed, Mr. Hazen portrays all his personages warts and all. And he conveys without too many words the implacable tenacity of England in the struggle with the Corsican, until all the world was opposed to the ogre. We see how Napoleon's endeavor to starve England brought about a situation very much like the one existing to-day, when ruthless submarine warfare is resorted to for the same purpose. Napoleon became *hostis humani generis* and was destroyed, even though he was the greatest military genius of all time. Out of the downfall of Napoleon grew the balance of power in Europe—a balance which it was England's interest to maintain. And England had kept Europe at loggerheads while she gathered in outlying lands, while her coal and iron and her machinery firmly fixed her in commercial supremacy. Her navy practically settled Napoleon at the battle of the Nile. The nation of shopkeepers saved itself by its exertions and Europe by its example. It is trying to repeat the performance now, and the United States is assisting. The world is against William as it was against Napoleon. Mr. Hazen has told his epic tale without any rhe-

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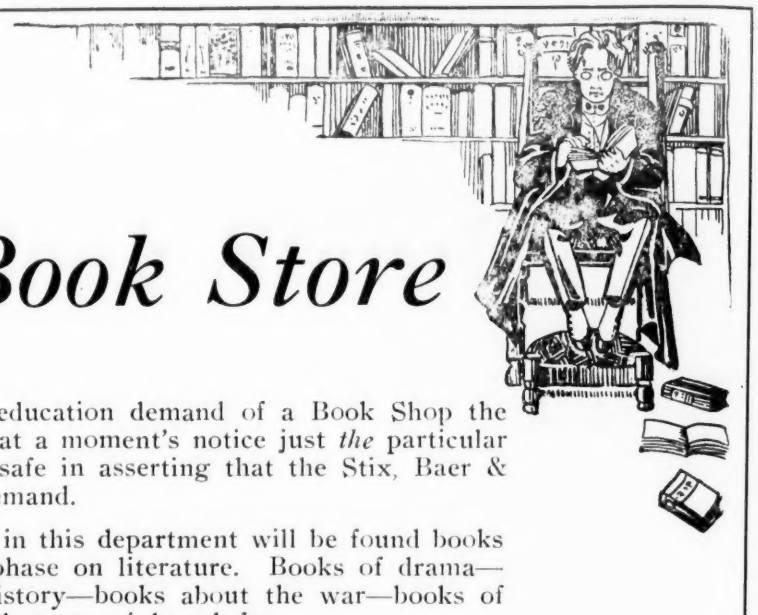

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torical flourishes, yet without monotony. The writing has action, action, action, and the personalities are pictured with splendid fairness. He never forgets the economic causes. The people are not ignored for the leaders in the fierce white light that beats on thrones. What a mighty movie, I say again, Griffith might make of it all, as he made one of "The Birth of a Nation," but it would be a movie that would have to run, like a Chinese play, for a week or a year to tell a tithe of its terrible splendor!

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Another superb English story has come out of the present war—or perhaps I should say an Irish story. It is "Changing Winds," by St. John Ervine (Macmillans). For it is the story of a North of Ireland boy, shy to the point of cowardice, his Irish education, his experiences in love, his rise to fame as an author. The story moves soon enough into the atmosphere of the war, which finally claims the lives of his friends *Ninian* and *Gilbert*. There is much that is beautiful and passionate in the boy's career. The farmer's girl who struck him because he was a coward constitutes a first love experience, and later he succumbs to the charms of a married siren in London, from whom he is amusingly rescued by his friend *Gilbert,* who might be modeled upon Rupert Brooke. But the interest in the novel is chiefly the Irish interest. If there were nothing to the book but the portrait of the hero's father it would deserve remembrance. The elder *Quinn* is an Ulsterman who loves Ireland with a passionate devotion, though not as a Nationalist. He does not want home rule, but he wants Ireland to be Irish; he does not want the Irish to be imitation Englishmen. And he expresses all this with a racy irascibility that conceals a genuine tenderness. He uses some words that are of the vulgarest vulgate. The son of this fine old landed gentleman is given for tutor a man named *Marsh.* This *Marsh* symbolizes in a way Pearse and MacDonagh and Connolly and Plunkett and all the men who, a year ago last Easter, rose in Dublin and died because they saw nothing but the goal. It is with this Irish movement that the book is most concerned. It presents the Ulster-Nationalist question in a clear light. Mr. Ervine is Nationalist in his sympathies but he sees the defects of the movement. I shall not attempt to outline his theory and thesis; but this is plain: the fault with Nationalist Ireland is too much infatuation with an ideal—not that idealism is bad, but the ideal in this case is so vague. There's too much Yeats in it, too much concern with a vanished Ireland, the Ireland of Deirdre and the sons of Usnach, the Ireland of the Tain Bo Culaigne, the Ireland of the poets and dreamers who are always saying, "I will arise and go now" —*a la* Yeats—without knowing where they are going. There is not enough of the Ireland of Horace Plunkett, or even of that side of "AE" which is represented in the Irish Agricultural Organization Society. Ulster knows what it wants and it goes about getting it. Ulster is organized for what it wants and it has made connections with English and Scottish business. The conclusion of the hero's father is that Nationalist Ireland must get rid of its priests and politicians and poets—all impractical people. The Nationalist politicians would seem to be suspect of caring more for their jobs than for the attainment of home rule. In this book there is reiterated the pathetic story of the Dublin uprising as having really no objective—the people were not with the leaders, the whole enterprise was merely "a magnificent gesture," as the French say. The leaders knew they could not succeed in doing anything but one thing —in showing they could die for an idea and ideal of Ireland. Beyond that they had no programme. It is this that makes the climax of the novel, though *Harry Quinn's* cowardice, of ante-natal origin, and his love affair with *Ninian's* sister, culminating in the development of a courage that courts the death found by his English chums, are worked out for the story's sake. Mr. Ervine's narrative of the Dublin insurrection is vivid writing. Over that tragedy hangs its egregious futility. It was hardly splendid, in fact. And British vengeance chiefly helped to give it what pathetic magnificence it possesses. The leaders of the Irish Republic of 1916 died for a vaguely comprehended dream of an Ireland that probably never was and never could be. All this is developed with a satisfying artistry of presentation. The author does not make a mockery of the Irish dreamers, of the devotees of the Gaelic League, of the moonstruck followers of Yeats. He shows how piteously sincere they were. He does not belittle Nationalist Ireland. He tells the truth about its

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industrial backwardness, and the further truth that assisted peasant proprietorship has not made a better Irish people in all things. And he does not dodge the fact that Catholic Ireland is not industrial, not progressive because English policy destroyed its industry. Do not for a minute suppose that the politics and economics and sociology swamp the story of "Changing Winds." They do not. The youth *Harry Quinn* and his love affairs, the depiction of literary and society life in London, the discussions of fiction and the drama, all these are made into a consistent whole. The Irish tragedy, though, is its high note, and the tragedy is none the less because it is saved only by the terrible sincerity of its victims and the horror of their end from being comic or farcical.

✣

Who is Edward Lucas White? His name is not in "Who's Who." Yet he has written a tremendous historical novel. It is tremendous even in bulk, for it runs to seven hundred pages. The name of it is "El Supremo" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) The scene is set in Asuncion, the capital of Paraguay, in 1813 and thereafter. And there live and move and have their being in its pages an hundred characters. Most of them are historical characters, too. The novel is copiously documented. "El Supremo" is Dictator of Paraguay, Don Gaspar Francia. Carlyle speaks approvingly of him as a hero worthy of hero-worship. And well he might. It is the full length portrait of Don Gaspar that makes this novel, "El Supremo" a memorable thing in American letters. Mr. White tells us in an introduction that he narrates nothing of Don Gaspar that is not to be found in authentic history or Paraguayan tradition. This dictator is a real superman. Gobineau might have put him in an appendix to "The Renaissance." He is Napoleonic in small things as well as great. He is ruthless and cunning. He is just and merciless. He is indisputably brave. He is vain and yet simple to the point of asceticism. He is learned even in the classics and he can calculate an eclipse. He is the lord of life and death in Asuncion. He is good to the very poor. To the gentility he is as ferocious as Nero. His foes, and they are constantly plotting against him, he orders shot upon the merest suspicion. But for the fact that he has a sort of idealism he would be a monster worthy to rank with Domitian. He is meanly suspicious and incredibly generous. He has a power of divination of the motives of men. He is incorruptibly honest in the administration of affairs. He is a father to those of his people whom he is not watching as enemies and sending to jail or having shot without the semblance of a trial. He will be addressed only as Most Excellent. Living in imminent danger of assassination he never flinches. His spies keep him informed of all that goes on and at the proper moment he strikes, always fatally. No mediaeval despot ever bore himself so much like a god or devil. He is an atheist but has his superstitions. He has dreams of making Paraguay a great state. He is convinced that all he does is for the benefit of the people. Those who oppose him die the death of those who defy the right. And yet when a young American arrives in Paraguay and meets the dictator we begin to see the despot as more than a wild beast. This young American plots to destroy the despotism of "El Supremo" and gains his confidence. Then we begin to observe such an unfoldment of the monster's character as makes us admire if not actually love him. For he is beset by ignorance and graft and stupid aristocracy. He is opposed exasperatingly, if ineffectively, by the members of the old regime. There is nothing for him to do but to deal with them in the only way they will understand. The ruler who at first looks like a madman comes to have a reason for being—it is not a very good reason, but it's his reason. He will survive because he has the will to power and will stop at nothing. He will order a soldier executed for the merest trifle. He will kill an attendant with his own hand. This Gaspar is fascinating in his superiority to all the traditions of civilized rulership. Yet he craves a little loyalty, a little love; a little companionship even is a solace to him. He is a prisoner of himself. His power is supreme, but he is his own chief victim. The more savage he is the more enemies he seems to raise up. The reader's sympathy is for this superman and against the epigoni by whom he is surrounded. Around him and the relations between him and the young American the story revolves. It is a big story. I can't say that Mr. Edward Lucas White tells it like an artist. Much of the author's method is crude. His invention is over-elaborate. The master plot is so complex I didn't get it at all; but that is because Gaspar himself is so incalculably more than the story. Other well-drawn characters in the book are the wine-shop keeper, the tanner called the *Toad,* the synonymous and interminable secretary, the wonderful little old lady of the old regime, two or three other aristocrats. *Dr. Thomas Parlett,* a mostly drunken surgeon, is a rare study in serio-comic personality. The plotters' meetings at the wine-shop are unique in individual depiction and in group effects. They are going to overthrow Francia, and the young American is to be their leader. He will lead an uprising but he will not assist in an assassination. Twice—thrice—he saves Francia from assassination. This and his general and special intelligence wins Francia's gratitude. He becomes the Dictator's closest friend. And it is in the narration of the incidents of this relationship that the character study of Francia is built up by innumerable touches into an unforgettable and far from unadmirable or even unlovable portrait. The Dictator, his American friend, the enemies, the aristocrats, the common people are made to live with a marvelous vitality, though the writing about them be sophomoric beyond words at times. Asuncion is a city of passion and intrigue, colorful, sordid. You get to know it like your own town. You drink *mate* and you dance with the señoritas to the mandolins. The place

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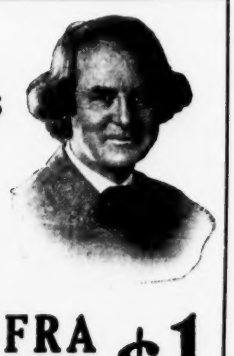

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and its people come before you as by an incantation, and over all looms the lonely, loveless Dictator hating and hated. This it is that makes the novel a stupendous piece of literary visualization. A vast patience has gone to the filling in of the canvas. Of the young American's love-story, of the love-story of the Dictator himself, of the young American's saving of Francia's life a third time, from the dagger of the lover of his fiancee, of the happy ending for the hero I need not speak. We find the Dictator for once surrendering to mercy, pardoning the youth who stole his love and attempted his life, and settling back to his isolated mastery of the land wherein he is so hated and feared. There is no better portrait in fiction of a tyrant, yet a tyrant of curiously ingratiating quality in spite of a capricious and fantastic ferocity. Don Gaspar Francia is more alive in this book than any Caesar in Suetonius. Edward Lucas White violates a thousand rules of literary art but he has produced in this one character an indisputable masterpiece.

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Literary Notes

Most of us live surrounded by architecture and yet utterly ignorant of why it is good or bad, why we like or dislike it, what makes it pleasant or unpleasant to look at, oblivious of an endless source of interest and enjoyment to our eyes and mind. Mr. Talbot F. Hamlin in "The Enjoyment of Architecture," tells of the basic principles of architecture: proportion, balance, rhythm, etc., as exemplified in the buildings of the present as well as of the past; he tells us how to know the good and the bad in the skyscrapers and the public buildings in our own town, with just enough historic and technical detail to explain and illuminate the fundamental principles of beauty in architectural design and construction.

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In "Twenty-five Thousand Words Frequently Mispronounced," a new and exhaustive compilation by Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly, the preferences of different leading dictionaries concerning disputed pronunciations are carefully stated.

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Walter Kellogg Towers, whose book, "Masters of Space," was published a few days ago, tells of one of the earliest methods recorded of signalling by sound. "It was worked out for Alexander the Great, and was considered one of the scientific wonders of antiquity. This was called a stentorophonic tube, and seems to have been a sort of gigantic megaphone or speaking-trumpet. It is recorded that it sent the voice for a dozen miles. A drawing of this strange instrument is preserved in the Vatican."

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Stokes have published "Bindle," Herbert Jenkins' recent cockney creation which is making London laugh. Some of the enthusiastic English are classing *Bindle* with *Sam Weller*.

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The tune of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" (or "John Brown's Body") is said by Florence Howe Hall, author of "The Story of the Battle Hymn of the Republic," to have originally been a camp meeting hymn which was adapted to a marching song by the bandmaster of the Twelfth Massachusetts Volunteers in 1861. The soldiers practiced it in their drills at Fort Warren in Boston Harbor before starting for the front. It was afterward revised by a military band.

❖

The first Gertrude Atherton story ever filmed will soon appear on the screen. "Mrs. Balfame" has been made into a photoplay by the Mutual, with Nance O'Neill as the star.

On the legitimate stage Margaret Anglin is starring in a play adapted from Mrs. Atherton's "Perch of the Devil," dramatized by Rupert Hughes under the name of "The Lioness."

❖

Horace Fletcher says Germany cannot be starved because, according to scientific formulæ, it has "enough to eat." The doctrines of the great American food economist have not only been adopted but are being strictly enforced in Germany. His books—"Fletcherism," "The A. B.-Z. of Our Own Nutrition" and "The New Glutton or Epicure" (Stokes)—have been translated and circulated widely throughout the Central Empire. The German, originally the world's champion eater, now has his food measured out for him, according to the number of heat calories and grams of protein necessary to sustain life.

❖

"Masterpieces of Modern Spanish Drama" presents a general idea of the Spanish drama to-day at its best both in comedy and tragedy. What are generally accepted as the most important plays of the greatest modern Spanish dramatists have been chosen for this collection and translated with particular skill. The plays represent not only the best but the most characteristic expression of the talent of each of the three writers—Galdos, Guimerá and Echegaray. Whoever reads this book with the introductory essay will have an excellent idea of the richness and variety of the drama in Spain to-day.

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Three one-act plays of unusual merit, each requiring probably fifteen or twenty minutes for presentation. The first and third were presented by the Provincetown players and the second by the Washington Square Players.

THE COMING OF YALE COLLEGE TO NEW HAVEN by Williston Walker. New Haven: Yale University Press: 25c.

An historical address at the commemoration of the two hundredth anniversary of the removal of the collegiate school of Connecticut to New Haven. Pamphlet.

JOSEPH PENNELL'S PICTURES OF WAR WORK IN ENGLAND. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott: $1.50.

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